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SUMMER AND WINTER.

BY ALICE CARY.

The winter goes and the summer comes,
And the cloud descends in warm, wet showers;
The grass grows green where the frost has been,
And waste and wayside are fringed with flowers.

The winter goes, and the summer comes,
And the merry blue-birds twitter and trill,
And the swallow swings on his steel-blue wings,
This way and that way, at wildest will.

The winter goes, and the summer comes,
And the swallow he swingeth no more aloft,
And the blue-bird's breast swells out of her nest,
And the horniest bill of them all grows soft.

The summer goes and the winter comes,
And the daisies die and the daffodil dies,
And the softest bill grows horny and still,
And the days set dimly, and dimly rise.

The summer goes, and the winter comes,
And the red fires fade from the heart of the rose,
And the snow lies white where the grass was bright,
And the wild wind bitterly blows and blows.

The winter comes, and the winter stays,
Ay, cold and long, and long and cold,
And the pulses beat to the weary feet,
And the head feels sick and the heart grows old.

The winter comes and the winter stays,
And all the glory behind as lies,
The cheery light drops into the night,
And the snow drifts over our eighteenth eyes.

The Ace of Spades:

OR,

IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

For the benefit of those who first become readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, with this issue, we may state that the opening chapters (one and two) of this splendid story of City Life introduce us to the tenement house home of Dan Catterton, the newsboy. His mother, dying, leaves a baby sister, for which Dan resolves to provide. The room adjoining is occupied by a woman also having a babe. This woman is to become the wife of Loyal Tremaine, as soon as a legal divorce can be procured from her husband, a sailor named Captain Averill, whom she has never loved and really supposes is dead. Young Dan, having determined to appropriate some of this young woman's money, so freely given her by the wealthy Mr. Tremaine, and thus to provide for his orphan sister, mounts a box, and looks through the light over the window. He witnesses a strange scene: 1st, the usual evening meeting between Mr. Tremaine and the lady. Tremaine at length goes out, promising to return again. 2d, when he is gone, who should come along but her sailor husband! A stormy scene ensues, and the captain, in his anger, resolves to kill Tremaine. He picks up a playing card—the Ace of Spades—and on its back finds 810 Fifth Avenue, but no name. This he holds up threateningly before his wife's face, as she stands cowering before him, clasping her babe—Tremaine's child—to her breast. At that instant a thunderbolt strikes; the lightning, passing through the card in his upraised hand, destroys it and kills the mother instantly, but on the child's shoulder is blazoned the full, clear stamp of the Ace of Spades—the exact image of the figure on the card, through which the bolt had passed. The sailor is not appeased in his revenge, by the terrible scene, but sits down in that chamber of death, to await the return of Tremaine, that he may confront him there and kill him. All of which young Dan sees and hears from his perch over the window.

CHAPTER III.

LOYAL TREMAINE'S VOW.

THE boy, Dan Catterton, at the transom had watched the tragedy with staring eyes. He heard plainly the threats of Averill and knew, of course, that he waited for the return of Loyal Tremaine; and having heard that gentleman say he would come again at ten, the idea was not slow to come to him that if he remained at his post he would probably witness another tragedy. Then another thought flashed upon his mind. What if he should go and warn the first of the danger that threatened him at the hands of the second comer; would not the service be worth a large reward? In his own mind the newsboy instantly decided that it would be. So he resolved to lie in wait for the man who was to return at ten, and inform him of the danger that he would incur should he proceed up-stairs.

Carefully Dan descended from his perch, passed through the rooms, and after a glance at the sleeping "kid"—as he had affectionately termed his young relative—to see if sleep was still upon the infant, he passed out into the entry. He descended the stairs and took up his position just outside the front door. Luckily the rain was beating upon the opposite side of the street, else young Catterton would soon have been wet to the skin, for he was but thinly clad.

"I'm in for that roll of bills," said the boy to himself, as he waited, shivering, in the doorway; "that air kid ain't a-goin' to starve, not if I know it. This swell ought to come down handsome too; for if he was to go up-stairs, that sailor feller would jest chaw his ear right off."

The boy did not have long to wait, for soon, out of the gloom and darkness of the night, came the stranger that he had seen depart an hour before. He knew him instantly, from the short cloak which Loyal wore upon his shoulders.

"Say, mister!" cried the boy, clutching at Tremaine's cloak as he was about to pass him.

"Well?" said Loyal, pausing in astonish-

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"I'LL BE EVEN WITH YOU FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!"

ment, and looking at the imp-like boy by his side.

"That woman's husband has come and he's a-waitin' for you up-stairs to knock off the whole top of your head," cried the newsboy, breathlessly.

"What?" cried Tremaine, in amazement.

"I tell yer that gal's husband has come—Mister Walter—the gal's dead—killed by lightning, an' he's a-waitin' up-stairs to go for you."

Convinced that the boy had indeed something important to communicate, Tremaine—at the newsboy's suggestion—walked with him down the street toward Grand, while Catterton gave a detailed account of all that

had happened, merely suppressing his motive for playing the listener.

"Great heavens! Christine dead!" said Loyal, horror-stricken.

"That's so, 'cos the man put her on the bed an' I heard him say so."

"And the child?"

"Oh, she's all right."

"Not injured?"

"No sirree!" the boy answered, and he had just opened his mouth to tell of the strange mark that the lightning had blazoned upon the shoulder of the infant, when Loyal interrupted him with a question.

"Boy, this man, you say, is waiting in the room for my return?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like to earn a hundred dollars?"

"Would I? Just try me!" and the boy's eyes sparkled with delight.

"If you will bring me that infant that you saw with the lady in the room, I'll give you one hundred dollars."

"If it wasn't for that feller there, I could do it just as easy as not," said the boy, thoughtfully.

"Can you not think of some excuse for getting possession of the child?" Loyal asked.

"Cricky!" cried Catterton, in glee; "I've got it. I'll go in as if I come from you to

the lady, for to say as how you couldn't come back to-night. In course he'll want to know where I got the message, an' I'll say that you're eatin' oysters in a saloon in the Bowery, an', in course, he'll come after you—leave the baby an' I'll gobble it—ain't that bully?"

"I think it will do," Tremaine replied.

"See here, boss!" cried the boy, suddenly, "that feller read the ace of spades that you wrote your address on; so he knows where you live."

"The devil!" cried Loyal, in vexation.

"That's so, boss; I heard him read it."

"I shall have to leave New York, then, for the present," murmured Loyal to himself. "Well, I can take the infant with me, and find it a good home somewhere. All the love I bore to Christine—poor girl—I will transfer to her child—to our child."

"You'll give me a hundred dollars?" asked the boy.

"Yes, if you bring me the child," answered Loyal.

"I'll do it, if it takes the heels right off my boots," cried the newsboy. "Say, boss, just you go and stand in a doorway on t'other side of the street, an' I'll fetch the baby to you."

Tremaine took the station assigned to him and the newsboy departed on his mission.

We will now return to Walter Averill, whom we left seated in the room of the ill-fated Christine, waiting for the man whom he intended to kill.

Barely five minutes did the sailor remain quiet, then springing to his feet he began to pace the room as though walking on the quarter-deck of his vessel.

"He may not come!" he cried, impatiently, "it is late; he may not come to-night. Why should I not seek him in his Fifth Avenue mansion? that was the number of it on the card I am sure. But stay!" he exclaimed, as a sudden thought flashed upon his mind, "I may find something here to aid me in my search."

A trunk was open in one corner of the room; eagerly the sailor searched it. He found a package of letters, but the letters of the man were signed simply with the letter L. Small chance was there of finding a clue as to who or what he was in that. But in one of the letters, inclosed in its folds, was a small daguerreotype, the likeness of a young and handsome man.

With fierce joy, Walter Averill gazed upon the features of the man who had wronged him, for he felt sure that this was the picture of the man that he had sworn to kill.

"Now I shall know him if we meet!" he cried, while thoughts of vengeance filled his mind. "I will not wait here longer but I will go to him."

The sailor thrust the packet of letters into his pocket and rising to his feet approached the crib in which the infant was calmly sleeping.

Walter Averill gazed upon the slumbering babe.

"The mark of shame is upon you, poor child, yet you are not to blame for the crime of your parents."

And, yielding to a sudden impulse, the sailor lightly touched his lips to the baby's cheek. The infant still slept on, little conscious that its mother lay in the cold embrace of death, or that it bore on its peerly shoulder the evil omen, the Ace of Spades.

CHAPTER IV.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

THE newsboy entered the tenement-house, and going to the door of the front room, knocked. No answer being made, he knocked again. Then, after a pause, he turned the handle of the door and opened it. The room was empty; the stranger was gone.

With a cry of delight the boy entered.

"Cricky!" he exclaimed, in glee, "I shall rake in that hundred, easy!"

The newsboy advanced at once to the little crib. The moment his eyes fell upon it a cry of surprise and disappointment burst from his lips.

Concealed by the shadow of the doorway, Loyal waited with impatience for the return of his messenger.

"Will he succeed?" he cried, as anxiously he waited. "The boy seems a shrewd rascal, and a hundred dollars is a large sum for one like him."

Fully a quarter of an hour Tremaine waited, and his patience was about exhausted, when the newsboy, bearing in his arms a bundle carefully wrapped up, came quickly down the street.

"Have you got the child?"

"All right, boss," answered the boy; "here she is." And he gave the bundle that was wrapped up in a shawl into Loyal's arms.

Uncovering the babe's head, Loyal saw that she was still sleeping. Then, from his pocket-book the gentleman took ten ten-dollar notes, and gave them to the boy.

"There is your hundred dollars," he said, as he handed the newsboy the bills. Then carefully sheltering the child under his cloak, Tremaine proceeded rapidly up Grand street to the Bowery.

For a moment the newsboy gazed at the ten bank-notes, in speechless amazement.

"My!" he said, at last, when he had recovered a little from his astonishment, "why, I'm a millionaire, blow me tight if I ain't! I guess the kid is all right now; but, thinkin' of that, I mustn't lose sight of this chap. He must have gobs of money for to throw away a hundred dollars loose, like this. I'll jest keep my eye on him, an' on the baby, too."

So down Grand street into the Bowery, the newsboy followed Loyal Tremaine.

In the Bowery, Tremaine took a Fourth Avenue car. The newsboy, nothing daunted,



ON THE WHITE SKIN OF THE BABE THE LIGHTNING HAD EMBLAZONED THE ACE OF SPADES!

kept close behind the car, although he was sometimes compelled to run at the top of his speed. The frequent halts of the car, though, to take up and leave passengers, gave him some breathing time.

At Union Square the car made quite a halt to take on a party of ladies. The halt was quite a relief to the newsboy, who had had a sharp run for about four blocks.

"He's going to Fifth avenue, I guess," said the boy to himself, as he waited for the car to start again. "I'll find out where he lives, then I guess I'll try papers up this way, 'cos I'm bound to keep my eyes on that baby, as sure as my name is Dan Catterton."

We will leave Loyal with the child to pursue his way—he little dreaming that he was so closely followed—and turn our attention to the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street.

By the lamp-post at the corner stood two men muffled up in rough coats, with the collars pulled up to shield their throats. Rough old caps were pulled down over their eyes. The flickering rays of the gas threw but little light out on the darkness of the night, but by that little we can see that these two men—who are braving the rain and wind—are thick-set, muscular fellows—men with rough, bulldog-like features and evil-looking eyes. They are good representatives of a large class that infest our great metropolis, who haunt Broadway, Fifth avenue and kindred streets by night, and by day are to be found in the low dens of Water street or in the underground drinking saloons of the "bloody" Sixth Ward.

These men, like owls, prefer the night to the day—the darkness to the light; they are the night-birds that prey upon their human kind.

These men are the ones who, every now and then growing reckless and coming forth in their strength, produce that scene of terror which the morning journals so graphically term the "Reign of the Knife."

Of course these men stood at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street at eleven at night in a rain storm for no good purpose.

"I say, Jake!" cried one of the two, suddenly, "isn't there some one coming along Thirtieth street?"

"Blazes!" responded the other, after listening for a moment, "so there is. Get your slung-shot ready! We may as well try our luck, 'cos it's gittin' late, an' we ain't likely to have many more chances."

"All right," said the other, and then the two sauntered slowly down the street toward Fourth avenue, from which direction the stranger was coming.

The two ruffians let their intended victim—who was closely wrapped in a short cloak, with a slouched hat pulled down over his eyes—pass them, then quick as cats they turned upon him. With a single blow from the slung-shot the stranger was knocked senseless to the pavement. The two ruffians proceeded at once to pillage their victim. Pulling open his cloak, a bundle was disclosed. Eagerly one of the ruffians opened it, and the cry of an infant wailed out shrilly on the midnight air. Astonished, the ruffian gazed upon his prize. A piece of the orphan's dress had apparently been burnt away, and on the white skin of the shoulder shone the evil omen, the Ace of Spades.

CHAPTER V. THE MISSING MAN.

"Well, blast my eyes if it ain't a kid!" exclaimed the astonished ruffian.

"A baby!" ejaculated the second ruffian.

"That's so, a young 'un too," replied the fellow who held the infant in his arms.

"Never mind the kid, go through the cove; the perlice may come down on us," said the second ruffian, who had dealt the terrible blow that had stretched the stranger senseless upon the wet pavement.

In obedience to the order, the kneeling ruffian laid the infant on the pavement, but the babe, who had been awakened by the rude shock of the fall, began to cry feebly.

"Choke the cursed brat!" cried the other ruffian, fiercely, "its squalling will bring the perlice down on us."

"You go through him, I'll hush the kid," replied his comrade.

Quickly the ruffian searched the victim, while the other took the baby, and nestling it inside his rough overcoat, hushed its sobs.

The watch and chain of the senseless man, his pocket-book, a seal-ring from his little finger, the gold studs and wrist-boutons of his shirt, all found their way into the capacious pocket of the night-bird. He searched his victim thoroughly, not omitting a single pocket. In the one in the breast of the stranger's body-coat, he found a packet of letters. With an expression of disgust he was about to toss them into the gutter, when his comrade, noticing the movement, stopped him.

"Hold on!" he cried; "what's that?"

"Nothing but a lot of blasted letters!" replied his companion, in disgust.

"Just what I want; hand 'em over,"

"Eh?" said the other, in astonishment.

"I want 'em," again said the ruffian who held the child nestled under his coat.

"All right," said the other, giving the letters; "they ain't worth a cent."

"Have you got all the snags?"

"Yes."

"Let's be traveling then; the cops (police) may come down on us at any moment."

"They'll come soon enough, for the baby'll squeal like blazes when you put her down in the wet."

"Yes, but I ain't a-goin' to put her down," replied the ruffian.

"The blazes you ain't!" cried the other, in astonishment.

"That's so, but come, let's be off; I'll explain as we travel."

And then the two proceeded rapidly down the street to Fourth avenue; turning into the avenue they headed City Hall-ward and walked swiftly on.

"What do you want the kid for?" asked the ruffian, who had been puzzling his dull brains to account for the strange action on the part of his comrade.

"Can't you guess?"

"Not a guess?" laconically replied the rough.

"Suppose you see in the paper in about three days a reward offered for the return of a lost baby and no questions asked?"

"Oh!" and the ruffian gave vent to an exclamation of admiration, "I'm blest if you ain't a genius! Well, you are now, just! You nab the kid, wait till the anxious parents offers a stunnin' reward, then you steps forward, pockets the blint and gives up the baby."

"That's my game, exactly!"

"Yes, and you hold high, low, jack, with a chance to make game," said the rough, jocosely.

"Well, I think the kid will fetch a hun-

dred or two, 'cos, you see, this ain't no poor man's child. He's one of the nob's, he is, the feller we laid out to-night, and he'll be pretty apt to come down handsomely for the infant."

"All right, my pippin, we're bound to win. Say halves, you know, on the kid question."

"Of course."

And leaving the two ruffians to pursue their way through the darkness and the storm to their obscure haunt in the heart of the "bloody" Sixth Ward, which holds in its midst such misery and crime, we will return to the man whom the ruffians had stricken senseless to the pavement with that terrible weapon, the slung shot.

The victim had not moved since he fell. The blow had indeed been a terrible one, delivered with force enough to fell and stun an ox, let alone a man.

The storm howled with increased fury; the rain beat down upon the unprotected face of the senseless man, which looked pale and ghastly, like the face of one dead, in contrast to the dark pavement.

Fully an hour had passed since the ruffians had attacked their victim, yet still he lay motionless upon the cold stones, and showed no signs of returning animation.

The rap of a policeman's club at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street rung out sharply amid the storm. The signal being answered, the policeman came leisurely down Thirtieth street. He had grown used to the storm and callous to the drenching rain.

As he came slowly down the street, his eyes fell upon the man stretched out at full length upon the sidewalk.

Supposing it to be some drunken wanderer overcome by liquor, the officer, kneeling by his side, endeavored to shake him into wakefulness; the attempt was a failure, however, and then the officer, examining more closely, perceived to his horror that dark drops of clotted blood were trickling slowly down on the side of the stranger's face.

Quickly he removed the hat, and on the head saw the terrible wound that the slung shot had produced.

The officer at once perceived that the man had been waylaid, and the pockets turned inside out told that he had also been robbed. Quickly the policeman tapped for assistance, and being joined by a brother officer, together they carried the still senseless man to the nearest police station.

The officer in charge of the station searched the pockets of the wounded man in order to discover who or what he was. But the ruffians had not been bunglers at their trade, and not a single article had they left in the pockets of their victim.

"He ought to be sent to his friends, for he's badly hurt," said the officer, after he had completed his fruitless search. "He needs a doctor right away. But how the deuce can I send him home without knowing who he is or where he lives? He's evidently a gentleman, his clothes show that. If we keep him here he may die on our hands. Jim, you had better go and hunt up a coach somewhere and we'll send him to Bellevue Hospital. When his friends miss him, they will probably apply to the police, or he may be able to-morrow to tell who he is."

So the hack was got, and the wounded man taken to Bellevue Hospital. But far was he from being able on the morrow to tell who or what he was, as the officer had anticipated, for he awoke from his stupor in the wild delirium of a brain-fever.

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So the hack was got, and the wounded man taken to Bellevue Hospital. But far was he from being able on the morrow to tell who or what he was, as the officer had anticipated, for he awoke from his stupor in the wild delirium of a brain-fever.

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It has been raining heavily for several days and the streets are muddy.

The crowd crossing Broadway, in front of the Herald building, are not, however, annoyed by the mud which should be on the crossing, for a slender young girl, broom in hand, has made the pathway clear, and thankfully she receives the pennies that are dropped into her outstretched hand by those who appreciate the labor that has enabled them to cross the muddy street without soiling their dainty boots.

The girl is dressed roughly in an old calico frock, patched with as many colors as Joseph's coat displayed. An old hood pulled closely down over her head almost hides her face.

It is something unusual to see a street-sweeper at work on lower Broadway after nightfall; for after the great life stream from the stores and workshops, which begins about five and flows up Broadway till seven, ceases, there is, comparatively speaking, but few using lower Broadway as a thoroughfare.

The bells had just rung out nine on the evening air, yet still the street-sweeper swept the crossing, although her gains were few and far between.

Each and observe her more closely. Crossing Broadway we pass in front of the Astor House; our attention is attracted by two men who stand on the steps. As these two are representatives of a peculiar class that exist only in large cities, and probably flourish better in New York than elsewhere, we will stop and examine them.

One is a little fellow, hardly five feet in height, with a face like a fox's, expressive of low cunning; little sharp gray eyes; a turn-up nose; hair with a reddish tinge, cut close to his head, and the head as round as a bullet. In fine, the whole appearance of the man indicates, not force, but trickery. He is dressed neatly in a brown business suit, and a silk hat, shining with a mirror-like gloss, showed his wish to be thought a gentleman. A flashy pin, that looked extremely like a diamond, if it was not one, sparkled in the snowy bosom of the ruffled shirt.

The second one of the two presented a marked contrast to the first; he was a slender-built fellow about the medium height, the broad shoulders gave promise though of muscular force that few would suspect in one of such slender frame; a man that would weigh a hundred and forty-five and yet would not be guessed to weigh a hundred and twenty. And that hundred and forty-five, not pounds of fat that impede a man's strength, tire his wind and make each additional pound an additional disadvantage; but pounds of bone and muscle. Could we strip the dress of civilization from him we would expose a form that for muscular beauty would not have disgraced the Thracian gladiator who fought the Numidian lion in the Roman arena and dyed the yellow sands red with his blood. In face the young man was singularly beautiful—for there are beautiful men as well as beautiful women—fine golden hair curled in little crisp ringlets all over his shapely head. His eyes were dark brown, full and large. The face almost a perfect oval—or as perfect as we ever see in the human face—with an Italian cast of features. A light mustache shaded his lip, and a little imperial graced his chin. The lips—red as the carnation flower and with the fullness that gave sign of passion's fires—hid regular teeth, white as ivory. In brief, he was a man that few women could pass without the second glance.

He was dressed in complete black—a color that became his pale complexion admirably. Dainty patent-leather boots incased his feet. The finest dark kids adorned his little hands, that were as small and as fair as a woman's. He wore the glossy silk hat, and a single diamond sparkled in his shirt-bosom. In his hand he carried a light cane with a little black head about the size of a walnut, apparently a toy, but in reality a most dangerous weapon; for the little black head is lead, incased in a net-work of wire; it is a loaded cane, and a light blow from it would fell the stoutest man on the earth as if he were a child.

What occupation, gentle reader, do you guess these two men to follow, who, clad in purple and fine linen, and smoking fragrant cigars, stand on the steps of the Astor House? They look like gentlemen of leisure, sons of wealthy parents, who soil not their hands with toil to gain their daily bread.

Let us ask yonder policeman. He gives a single glance at the two and ejaculates:

"Sports!"

Men who make a living by enticing strangers to visit gambling houses—they receive a percentage on what their victim loses. These men, with the gamblers themselves, the horse-racers and the following kindred pursuits, are all classed under one general head, "Sports."

Yes, reader, these two men standing on the steps of the Astor House, the one that looks like a fox and the other that resembles the Farnesian Hercules, though on a smaller scale, are simply the decoys of a prominent gaming-house not a hundred yards from Union Square.

The little one that looks the personification of low cunning is known among his acquaintances as "Slippery Jim." He is a recent importation from old England, and his language shows plainly that he was reared with the stout men of Bow Bells.

His companion has two titles. Among the "sporting" fraternity, he is known as "The Marquis"—a name given him in admiration of his easy politeness and gentlemanly bearing. In the sporting saloons of the city where the "Fancy"—as the devotees of prize-fighting are called—do congregate, he is known as "Dan the Devil," simply because he has soundly thrashed two or three bullies who had presumed to impose upon him. The fame of an achievement of this nature travels fast in New York, and many a rough, who prided himself on his skill with nature's weapons, knew of "Dan the Devil" as the most terrific right-hand hitter that had ever put on the gloves.

"You seem hout of sort to-night, 'Marquis,'" said the little Englishman.

"Yes, I don't feel well," answered the other.

"See here, my girl, if this fellow beats you or you ever need help of any kind, just you come to me," the usually cool "Marquis" had grown strangely impulsive. "You promise me that you will come?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl.
"All right; where do you live?"
"No. 314 Water street, in the rear."
"With this rough, of course?"
"Yes, sir."
"What's his name?"
"English Bill."
"How long will you remain here?"
"Till ten o'clock, sir."
"Mind, if you want a friend come to me. By the way, what is your name?"

"Iola."
"What a strange name."
"It was my mother's."
"Well, good-by, Iola; don't forget my address." And the "Marquis," joining Jim, continued on his walk down the street.
"Forget it!" cried the street-sweeper, impulsively, "no, it is written on my heart!"
The "Marquis" and Jim walked slowly onward for a block or so in silence. The "Marquis" was evidently in deep thought, and the Londoner did not disturb his meditations.

"Jim," said the "Marquis," suddenly, "I'm going to adopt that girl!"
"What?" cried Jim, in astonishment.
"I'm going to take her from her life of misery and give her a chance to earn an honest living."

"Well, I'm blown hif that ain't a good idea."
"I'll go down to Water street to-morrow night and find out all about her, for I don't believe that she's the daughter of that ruffian. Will you go with me?"
"Hof course I will, my noble dook!" replied the Englishman.
Iola had gained a powerful friend when the cool "Marquis" espoused her cause.
(To be continued.)

Don't fail to peruse the series of "Camp-Fire Yarns," by the world-noted CAPTAIN MAYNE REID—the first of which we give in this issue. Captain Reid is one of our chosen stars.

Duke White:

OR,

THE GREEN RANGER OF THE SCIOTO.

BY CHARLES E. LA SALLE,
AUTHOR OF "BURT BUNKER, THE TRAPPER."

To the lovers of romance of the border, the story "Duke White" is a real treat. That new readers may enjoy what yet is untold of the story we give this synopsis of what has thus far been printed:

Lizzie Rushton, the beautiful forest maid, is beloved by the brave young settler, George Chapman, as well as by the craven-spirited Yankee, Elijah Lamb. The Indians coming down upon the settlement assail the Rushton cabin. Lamb is there at the time of assault, but flies ignominiously, leaving Lizzie and her mother alone. The maid is taken and borne off. The settlers arouse and the renowned Duke White, the Ranger, resolves to pursue the retreating savages to rescue the lost girl. His companion is Pee Wit, a Wyandot Indian of great skill, and firmly devoted to his white friend. The sneak Elijah, is so illly received by the settlers, that, to redeem his character, he resolves to accompany the scouts. This he does, but, throughout, shows himself a coward upon the coming of danger. When well on the trail, the scouts are joined by George Chapman, who had been absent from the village when the Indians made their attack. This point is now reached in the story. The three friends are in council; and, having succeeded in making a head trail—that is, in getting on the Indians' line of march, with the captive, but ahead of them—they lie in ambush at the creek, beyond which lies the Shawnee town. Their purpose is to save the maid before she reaches the other shore. The extraordinary manner in which this is done, this chapter following will tell.

CHAPTER XII.

THREE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

ELIJAH LAMB was triumphant, and as he walked toward the thicket, his thoughts ran somewhat in this way:

"The Lamb family was always lucky. Now I know, just as well as Duke, that thar ain't nobody in them bushes, 'cause if thar was, I'd be traveling t'other way; but he thinks I do, and he'll be certain I'm just as brave as they make 'em."

A few minutes brought him to the thicket, and he paused only long enough to select the best point by which to penetrate it. Then he unhesitatingly went in.

"I'll go clean through it, and take some time, so that he can't complain I did not do my duty thoroughly. I'll s'prise Duke by firing my gun, and telling him that it was shot at an Indian, as he dodged behind a tree and gave me the slip. I don't know what Duke has been thinking of, but he's more than a man if that don't make him set me down as one of the bravest of the brave."

These thoughts ran through his brain, as he ducked his head and cautiously insinuated himself among the bushes.

"Jewhilkins!"
The Yankee suddenly paused, almost petrified with terror, for he heard, faintly but distinctly, a peculiar hissing sound, such as an Indian sometimes makes when about to break his fury upon a foe who is inextricably in his power.

This was something not down in the bill; the Green Ranger was in the worst kind of a predicament. He would not have hesitated a moment about retreating, and dissipating at once the air-castle which he had built upon his assumed bravery, but the matter was that the sound came from behind him, proving that his foe had purposely got between him and his friends.

What was to be done?
To go further into the undergrowth would only involve him more, while he could only crouch to the ground, and holding his rifle in his tremulous hands, call out, in his quavering voice:

"DUKE!"

"What's the matter, Greeny?" came back, after he had repeated the call several times.

"There's a big Indian here! What shall I do?"

"Scalp him and fetch his ha'r to me, in course!"

"I'm afeard there's more than one," he whined, after a moment's pause.

"All right; fetch 'em all in; the more the better."

"Come help me, or send Pee Wit."

"Can't do it," was the response. "It's time you learned how to help yourself. Pitch into the varmint, and if he gits you down and begins to raise your ha'r, yell out, and mebbe I'll come and look on!"

What would have been the ultimate result of all this, had there been an enemy at hand, it is difficult to say; but, while 'Lije was quaking with terror, he was startled anew by an unmistakable laugh.

"What—what's the matter?" he asked, staring around.

The answer came in the shape of young George Chapman, who, walking boldly to view, said, with a laugh:

"You seem frightened, Lamb?"

"Who said I was?" demanded the indignant 'Lije. "It was a joke between Duke and me."

"Ah! that's it? I am glad to hear it. Come, let us join our friends, for I am hungry."

"I'd like to know what brought you here?" muttered Lamb, who was not at all pleased at the thought that this lover was to appear upon the scene and take a chance in the rescue of Lizzie Rushton.

Young Chapman ate a hearty meal, talking in the meanwhile to Duke White, who speedily gathered how it was that he came to be there at such a time.

"I was up the river, waiting for the Wyandots to come back again, when Williams came up and told me what had been done nearer home. As soon as I learned that, I left Williams in charge, and started for home. You had gone, and I started after, and here's where I overtook you. I didn't know you had 'Lije with you," added Chapman, glancing at the sullen young man, and then looking toward the scout with a significant look.

"Wal, you see, this is powerful resky bizness," was the reply, "and I wanted some person of tried skill and pluck to go 'long with me to take the right kind of keer of me, and Elijah Lamb is the man; for, isn't he the Green Ranger of the Scioto?"

"I believe he came near losing his life in defending Lizzie and her mother," continued Chapman, with a well-assumed seriousness.

"Yes; he jist missed it."

"How so?"

"He run his boots off in gittin' away, and if he hadn't been able to run quite so fast he'd gone under sure, but it takes a smart man to catch up with Spider-Legs, when he gets fairly agoin'."

This "chaffing" continued for some few minutes, until Lamb was worked up to quite a pitch of exasperation. He felt specially furious against Chapman, whom he regarded with feelings of jealousy. He had counted upon being able to appropriate all the glory of Lizzie's rescue to himself, and it was certainly a strong point in his favor that he had joined the scout in the dangerous business.

But here, when every thing was going along swimmingly, his hated rival appeared on the scene, and there was no telling what complications would arise, and in what position he would be forced by the nature of things.

As the party sat on the ground, they held quite a council of war, and there was an exchange of views all around, Pee Wit and Elijah mingling freely.

Duke White was now in territory that was perfectly familiar to him, as he had ranged over and hunted through it times without number. Pee Wit was none the less intimately acquainted with it, and his views coincided with White's throughout.

It was the opinion that the Wyandots were aiming for their own village, and would take the shortest route to it. Their destination lay about a hundred miles to the north-west of the camp of our friends, and, if their journey was uninterrupted, it would probably be reached by the succeeding night, as Lizzie Rushton could make that distance in that time without difficulty.

The party, at present, were something like a dozen miles to the south-east, and they would take the same general direction as the whites, although it was not believed that they would come upon their trail, as we have already shown that Duke took special care to prevent this.

George Chapman had naturally suffered a great deal in spirit since he had learned of the abduction of his heart's beloved. He had sped through the woods day and night, following the trail of Duke White with the persistency of a blood-hound, and with the resolve in his heart that he would never return alive to his home, unless he could bring her with him.

The companionship of the cool-headed ranger did much to remove his depression of spirits, and he became quite hopeful of a successful issue to their expedition.

He understood, as well as Duke could explain to him, that they had great difficulty and danger to surmount, but with three decided spirits—taking no account of 'Lije—they could use, in addition to strategy, the arm of strength, and, inasmuch as the Wyandots had learned that they were pursued, it was by no means uncertain but what, af-

ter all, it would come to be decided in this manner.

Chapman strenuously advocated an attack upon the Wyandots.

"We can steal up to them," said he; "there are only eleven; we can shoot our man apiece, and then push in and use our knives."

"We'll do that, provided thar ain't a better one," replied Duke.

"What better one can there be?"

"Wait and see."

The manner in which the ranger made this reply proved that he had a scheme in his mind, and his significant look toward Pee Wit proved that he understood what it was, too.

But, as he had refused to make it known to Chapman, the latter had too much dignity to show any curiosity to know what it was.

"I've an idea," said Lamb, a moment later.

"The first one I ever heerd of yer havin'," returned Duke; "you'd better keep it for a nest-egg, if you're sure you've got it."

"It's a plan for rescuing my lovely young friend from the Wyandots," added the Yankee, somewhat triumphantly, and then looked around and waited for the eager question of its explanation.

But no question was asked, and he finally vouchsafed to make it known.

"Let's make 'em b'lieve that we've got General Wayne and his army close by, and tell them if they don't give my lovely friend up without delay, we'll pitch into them and hamstring every mother's son of them."

What do you think of it, Duke?"

"You'll help, will yer?"

"Of course I will!"

"Very well; we'll wait hyar fur yer, and yer kin go back and make the varmints b'lieve that Mad Anthony and his men be hyar. Yer kin bring the gal with yer, ef the cap'n thar has no 'jections."

"I will be glad to have Mr. Lamb display his skill and bravery in such a signal manner."

This looked like precipitating matters, and Elijah was hardly ready to take his part in it. He advised them to consider his plan very carefully before adopting it.

It was yet early in the day when they resumed their journey, which they continued, with scarcely any intermission, until noon, when they struck a large creek, almost as broad as an ordinary river.

As this stream swept directly across their path, they had the choice of going no further, or of taking to the water, as a careful search upon the part of Pee Wit and Duke White failed to discover any canoe, or any means, except by swimming, of crossing it.

"What's to be done?" inquired Chapman, when their failure was made known by his friend the scout.

"We'll wait hyar till the varmints come up. I've an idea anyway," added Duke, in a lower tone, "that if the gal gits across this hyar creek, she'll never come back ag'in!"

CHAPTER XIII.

WAITING.

THE creek at which the hunters halted was not only broad, but quite deep, with high shores, which descended so abruptly that it was impossible to wade for any distance from the shore.

They were standing near the edge, partly shrouded by the trees, when Duke White suddenly gave utterance to a suppressed exclamation of alarm.

"Thar's one of the varmints!"

Withdrawing to cover and carefully peering out, they saw a canoe leave the opposite shore, and propelled by a single Indian, rapidly approach the bank upon which the whites stood.

It was aiming at a point, however, fully a hundred yards below them, so that there was no danger of detection if our friends did not wish it.

The Indian managed his boat with no little skill, and his dress and accoutrements indicated that he was no ordinary warrior, but a chief or leader. When near the center of the stream, with his broad breast turned toward the shore, he could not have offered a better target for the rifles of his enemies.

He occupied this position, when Duke White, who was on his knees, pointed his gun toward him, taking a true and deadly aim at the unsuspecting Wyandot.

There was something awful in the utter deliberation of this deadly preparation, to slay a man who had no thought of his doom; so awful, indeed, that Chapman felt a cold thrill run over his body; and, impelled by an irresistible feeling, he reached his hand forward and laid it upon the gun-lock just in time to feel the flint strike upon it, instead of against the steel. The discharge of the gun was thus prevented by this narrow chance.

"What's that fur?" demanded Duke, angrily.

"You mustn't do it; no, no," replied the captain, shaking his head.

"Why not?"

"It's too much like murder; go down the bank, and meet him as you did the Shawano, in a fair hand-to-hand fight; but it is cowardly to assassinate a man in that way."

The scout was silent a while, and then he exclaimed, half to himself, and half to his young friend:

"It don't look exactly right, I'll be skulped if it does! I orter gone down and met him on the shore, but arter your stoppin' me yer, I won't bother him no more; let him go."

By this time the Wyandot was close in to shore, and a moment later he landed. As soon as he touched land, he was hidden from the sight of the group above him; but they knew what course he had taken.

"That's a chief of the Wyandots," said Duke, as soon as he was certain he was beyond ear-shot, "and he's gone to meet the varmints with the gal!"

"How does he know they have her?" instantly asked Chapman.

"He dunno sartin, but he s'pects when his warriors come home that they will bring something in that shape, and he's made up his mind to 'scort it in."

"Have you seen that individual before?" continued Chapman, who naturally felt a deep interest in any thing that was likely to come in contact with Lizzie.

"Yas; I've tried to shoot him more nor once, but it seemed the devil took care of him."

"Who is he?"

"Gray Wolf of the Wyandots; he is one of the chiefs that General Wayne walloped—"

"Ah! I remember hearing his name; if I mistake not he was one of the worst chiefs in the confederation."

"That's the varmint; I seed him to-mahawk more than one of our soldiers during that battle, but he got out of it without a scratch."

"He was a party to the Greenville treaty, and he is violating it!"

"What do you s'pose he car's fur that? He is one of the meanest dogs that ever lived; all that he cares fur is women. I don't want to sneer you, Chap, but that gal of yours is in more danger from Gray Wolf than from all the rest together."

"Then let us follow him," exclaimed Chapman, in great excitement; "why are we sitting here when she is in danger? I will go alone, if no one will go with me!"

"Hold on now—not so fast," interrupted the imperturbable hunter; "if I should be able to draw bead on him ag'in you'd grab my gun afore I would pull the trigger."

"No, I wouldn't; why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I hadn't the chance, and—"

"But are we to stay here, while this villain is hastening toward my innocent dove?" demanded the young captain, trembling with excitement.

"Jewhilkins! what do you mean by calling her your dove?" interrupted 'Lije.

"I want you to understand that I've got an interest—"

"Stand aside!" commanded the young captain, impetuously raising his hand, and the Yankee hurriedly shrunk beyond his reach.

"What is the meaning of all this, Duke? I don't understand it."

The ranger was sincerely attached to the gallant young officer, and he had no desire to wound his feelings. Throwing aside his jesting manner, he spoke in all seriousness.

"We must stay here, cap, and wait. The Wyandots will be here shortly after dark, and we shall have more chance of getting the gal out of thar hands than anywhere else."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am; and I've seed a thing in the last hour that makes it look better nor ever for the gal. Pee Wit thinks as I do, and thar ain't nothin' now that could make either of us leave this place afore the varmints gits here."

Chapman looked eagerly at the scout, and anxiously awaited his explanation, but none came. His manner and whole appearance, however, betokened his deep seriousness.

"I tell you," added Captain George, after a moment's pause, speaking in the low, ominous voice of absolute determination, "I have settled on one thing!"

"What's that?"

"Those Wyandots shall never carry Lizzie Rushton across this stream alive; I will shoot her dead first!"

"That's all well enough," said Duke, who did not like to see so much excitement upon the part of his young friend, "but if you don't want to make a blamed fool of yourself, keep easy."

"That's what I'm trying to do," remarked Lamb, who was lying flat on his back, looking up at the sun, and apparently about ready to drop asleep. "I admire—I may say I love Miss Lizzie, and the thing is reciprocal; I am willing to die for her, and whenever she expresses a wish for me to do it; but then I prefer not to do it."

Chapman was too deeply in earnest to heed the pointless talk of the Yankee. The truth was he so utterly despised the Yankee that he was provoked that Duke White should have permitted him to form one of the company, and when he looked at him and reflected how meanly he had deserted the dear one of his heart, it required no little self-restraint to prevent himself offering him personal indignity.

The afternoon wore away, and, as the night approached, Chapman's nervousness became almost distressing. Pee Wit had managed to decoy some fish from the river, and stealing off into an unfrequented place, cooked them skillfully, and brought a good dinner to his friends.

They ate heartily, excepting the captain, who swallowed but little, and that sorely against his will, but at the urgent request of Duke, who remarked that it would probably be a long time before he could get the opportunity again.

The ranger explained further that Gray Wolf had crossed at a sort of ferry, much used by the Wyandots in going away from and returning to their towns. Had it been otherwise, it would have been the light of

presumption for him to say they would cross at this particular point, when there was no reason—except the all-important one mentioned—for saying so.

Slowly the afternoon wore away, and with a rapidly throbbing heart, Chapman saw the twilight gloom settling over forest and stream.

Pee Wit was off in the woods reconnoitering, and it had been dark scarcely an hour when he came in with the tidings that the Wyandots were less than half a mile away, and, with the captive in their possession, were heading straight for the ferry!

(To be Continued.)

One of the most captivating of all living writers of forest and border romances is the celebrated CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. Lovers of this class of literature will find in the "Camp-Fire Yarns" something to delight them. See elsewhere.

Saturday Talk.

The Lasso.—This is a favorite weapon with the rangers of the prairie in South America, who handle it with singular dexterity. In the early days of the Paraguayan war, a company of Southern Brazilians captured one of the enemy's steamboats with lassos! They concealed themselves in the matto, or thick bushes, on the bank of the river, where they knew the vessel must come close to the shore; and when it was within their reach, a party of them threw ropes around the figure-head and every available projection; while the others, with their firearms, drove the Paraguayans from making any resistance, till the lasso party hauled the prize to land, and the Brazilians took possession of it. Another singular weapon of these rangers is a lasso of a different kind from those generally known by that name—one having three leaden balls or other heavy material attached to the main cord by three lesser thongs. One of these balls they grasp in the hand, and swing the other two a few times over the head to give them velocity and aim, and then sling them with such force and precision that they wrap around the legs of any animal they are pursuing, in such a manner as to hamper it, till they can come alongside. In the Spanish South American countries men are frequently garroted in this manner, with a facility that is truly marvelous.

The Red Sea.—The Red Sea is said to be the hottest place in the world. The atmosphere for about fifty miles on that sea is steamy and sticky. Every thing in the shape of iron or steel about a ship takes on a coat of rust. During the summer months no one travels on the Red Sea unless compelled by business or military orders to do so. In the winter and spring the passage is delightful. Yet navigation in that body of water is always attended with many dangers. The Red Sea is long and narrow, with sunken rocks and projecting reefs; and counter winds prevail, which produce dangerous currents. There are three light-houses in the sea, which must be kept by salamander-like men, since the thermometer runs up to one hundred and twenty degrees in July and approaches ninety in early spring.

Snakes' Antipathy to Fire.—There is in Brazil a very common poisonous snake, the surucucu, respecting which the inhabitants relate the following facts:—They say that such is the antipathy of this reptile to fire, that when fires are made in the clearing away of woods, they rush into it, scattering it with their tails till it is extinguished, even becoming half-roasted in the attempt; and that when an individual is passing at night with a torch, they pass and repass him, lashing him with their tails till he drops it, and the snake is immediately found closely coiled round the extinguished torch. The greatest enemy of this snake is an immense lizard, five and six feet long. It is said that when the snake succeeds in effecting a bite, the lizard rushes into the wood, eats some herb, and returns to the conflict, which almost invariably terminates in its favor.

A Young Girl on Short Rations.—In Vermont a young woman has been starved to death on theory. Last August, Flora Studdard, then a healthy girl, went to Brattleboro' to live with her half-sister, Mrs. Geo. C. Haskins. A few weeks ago she was removed by official interference, in an emaciated and dying condition, and is since dead. Mrs. Haskins had just graduated at a "hygienic" establishment, and regulated her own household upon notions she had acquired there. The diet of the girl is described as follows: Breakfast, potatoes, raw apples, biscuits made by Mr. Haskins, of water, "Graham" bran, and potatoes without salt, and some apple-sauce without seasoning. Dinner differed only in the addition of beans, stewed in water, and rice similarly prepared. There were only these two meals per day. Salt, butter, milk, pepper, vinegar, and all kinds of meat were strictly excluded. Under this régime Flora, according to Mrs. Haskins' statement, "although at first turbulent, got to be a pretty good girl—quite docile." A sister of the poor victim, having been continually refused admittance, at length obtained access, accompanied by a policeman. The dying girl, still fed "on system," was found in a fireless room. She was promptly removed, medical advice was summoned, and her last hours were soothed by comforts to which she had long been a stranger.

THE Saturday Journal

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"RIGHT AT LAST" we can use, but we must ask the author hereafter to write more openly. His lines are so crowded as to leave no space for necessary revision. Compositors always grumble at such "copy."

"HOW HE LOST A BRIDE" we will try and make place for.
R. R. O. returns us MS. and prepaies postage four cents. This brings the package to our office fully paid. Yet he says this same package cost him fifteen cents, at the Brooklyn P. O., in its remission from this office, and asks why? We answer: the law is perfectly explicit—all "book MSS." must be accompanied by stamps of four cents for each four ounces. If it was charged more the postmaster took the liberty of pronouncing it not a "book MS"—a liberty he had no more right to take than to alter the law itself. To avoid any question, authors should leave one end of the MS. open for inspection; and never should send any thing but MS. in the package. Any letter inclosed subjects the whole to letter postage. Always inclose your letters in separate envelopes.

"A PAIR OF GHOSTS" is very good but quite too long for the space at our disposal for such sketches. Besides, the first person narrative is not a popular style unless the story told is of a very dramatic and exciting nature.

Author of the Nicotine Rhapsody can send in the MS. for examination.

"EARLY MORNINGS" is available.

Captain Howard's "HUNTER'S PLEDGE" and "WHITE CANOE" available. The captain wields a graphic pen.

Will use ballads by J. G. M., Jr. A good ballad is always available.

"RESPECTFULLY DECLINES" is a fair shot at the editorial chair; and "fair play" demands that we give the author a chance. Who is hit?

"SAUCY SUSAN SOMERS" is good enough to be better. The author should understand that many things which can be said or spoken in confidential conversation do not look well in print. Only "set down" what is really and truly pertinent to the story proposed.

"FAIR ITALY." Can not make use of it. It is rather hard poetry on so bright a theme.

"FOLLOWED UP." Evidently is by a *raw hand*. It lacks the *verve* which is essential to all continued stories, and the whole composition needs careful *weeding*.

"CON LEARY'S CARDS" is a pretty good Irish story, but quite imperfect as a manuscript. Besides, it reads so much like other Irish stories which our papers are all the while copying from English and Irish periodicals, that we should be charged with having used reprint matter. We prefer that writers should confine themselves to American themes, as far as possible, in their contributions to the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

"SCARF" by Mrs. E. D. D. Can not make available. It is better fitted for *Godey's* or *Fa-terson's* magazines than for a popular paper.

Foolscap Papers.

At Church.

I SOLEMNLY enter the church and take a seat in the first vacant pew, where I remain, providing the pew does not belong to any body. How quiet every thing is! I only hear the light ripple of silks, or perhaps a subdued cough behind a hand somewhere, with a diamond ring on it. Then, on a sudden, the organ, from some nook over the back of my head, breaks out in musical triumph, followed by voices that have no visible bodies. This causes a general turning of pretty faces in front of me. Touched by the harmony, I lift my thoughts and eyes reverentially on high, and am immediately lost in the sublime contemplation of that fine centerpiece on the ceiling.

I come down with the music; and the preacher, who does not hold that the order was—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every living creature, for twenty thousand dollars a year," begins his able discourse.

His voice is unusually fine. Looking straight at him while he pictures in thunder the situation of some poor sinner, for whom I feel very sorry but don't desire to change places with, I see a flutter in the corner of my right eye, and looking around, find it was caused by that gold-mounted fan in the hand of Miss Aerial Trifles. It must have cost a heathenish sum of money; but then how grateful is its sandal-wood breath to the fainting soul. Fearful that I am forgetting the sermon, with a great effort I turn and fix my eyes and ears again upon the preacher, whose picture of the lost realm grows quite sulphurous, and as I am wishing that my neighbor was only here to get the benefit of all this, something glows like fire in the corner of my left eye, and looking round, I find the cause of it to be that crimson sack which contains deacon Jones' daughter. How faultless is the fit of it! How finely trimmed with bugles and lace! I wonder what it cost! What a beautiful and fashionable garment, or covering, a penitent heart may wear! Finding I am getting lost again, I jerk my eyes back to their proper place, and again heed the words and gestures of the speaker, which are now quite animated, as he paints the blissful state of the perfect man, which causes me to feel very, very much at rest; when my eyes suddenly drop on the bonnet and back-hair of the lady in the next pew to me but one. That bonnet is the finest thing I have seen this season; and how small! Indeed it is scarcely larger than the little spot of worldliness on the mind beneath it. What beautiful and serene repose is in that anointed and contrite hair! The only question is, how long did she work at arranging it this morning, getting out of humility and patience, and scolding her maid, who is even now crying to herself as she sweeps at home, and wonders how many minutes of listening to the Gospel alone for a whole morning of ill-nature. Thinking I may have something myself to atone for if I run on thinking in this digressive manner, I pinch myself, and call my attention back to the preacher, who is fulminating against the uncharitableness of the present day, to such an extent that it consoles me to think I put two cents into the contribution-plate, for the benefit of the poor of the parish, when Charles Henry, in the next pew, squeezes Lucinda's glove, which he has in hand in, so unconsciously hard that it causes her to jerk it away with a start that attracts my eyes and completely banishes the peaceful repose of my thoughts. Lucinda blushes and looks reverently down. Charles looks in two directions for Sunday, and finally at the preacher. I do likewise, and while I listen to some well-pointed remarks on Christians who slumber, I look at the old gentleman in the next pew to the left, who half an hour since showed some signs of sleep, and find that he has left the preacher's words entirely to those who need them, and sleeps practically. His wife, who sits on his right, being excessively mad at a blue silk dress across the aisle, does not notice him. His head wobbles round as if hunting for its pillow, and not finding it, occasionally brings up with a lurch, which sets two little boys near by to laughing, and their father to frowning them into quietness.

I listen for the old gentleman to snore or ask his wife for more of the blanket, when, happily, she observes his state, and brings him back to this cold, unfeeling world with a tramp on his corns. He looks around, and finding that no one has noticed him, he fixes his eye on the pulpit with a dim recollection of where he is, and with but little concern of where he will or might be hereafter.

Seeing that my thoughts are so easily led away from their duty, I close my eyes, that I may hear the remainder of the sermon; but I am instantly, as it seems, shaken by some one, and opening my eyes, the sexton tells me he wants to close up, and I find the congregation have been gone half an hour.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

P. S.—I have decided that the next time I go to church, I will firmly wear my spectacles on my ears, and will not look to see even humility in sack-cloth (velvet) and ashes (of roses). W. W.

Early Marriages.

ONE of the most disagreeable features of the fast way of living for which Americans are noted, is early marriages. They are a national characteristic. We are told that in England more women marry after they are twenty-five years old than under that age. In this country more are married while in their teens than at any other age.

Of late the disposition to marry young seems to be increasing. Every newspaper one takes up chronicles the fact of one or more marriages, where the bride is fourteen or fifteen, and the bridegroom eighteen or nineteen years of age—mere children in fact.

Looking at the subject in one light it is ludicrous; in another it is melancholy. In these youthful marriages is to be found the key to the cause of so many divorces, so many ill-trained and depraved children, and so many overflowing poor-houses.

How little do such children know of the realities of life—how poorly are they fitted to be good husbands and wives, and parents! They marry for what they imagine to be love, but what in ninety-nine cases in every hundred proves to be nothing but a childish fancy; in the remaining hundredth it is worn out and turned to bitterness, because youth, and lack of judgment and experience, unfit its possessors for the respon-

sibility of their position. These youthful matches are most common among the laboring class. Frequently the girl "works out," the boy is some farmer's son, or works for a living, at fifteen or twenty dollars per month; she is tired of going out at service, and he begins to feel himself a man, and wants a wife—they are both in love (?)—and so they hasten to consummate their misery by getting married. They are young—they are poor—they are deficient in judgment according to their youth—and they generally have a very miserable time of it.

If they could only see beforehand! But they are in love! And so hundreds rush blindly on to matrimony, and half a dozen tow-headed children every year lead a life of misery, untaught and untrained to fight the battle of life, utterly unfitted to fill any useful sphere; and frequently to help to crowd the already overflowing public prisons.

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

WHAT HAS HE MADE?

The *New York Herald* says that during the last twenty years William B. Astor has so managed a fortune of twenty millions as to roll it into sixty millions.

Suppose he has, what then? What has he made by the operation, except increased worryment to keep the run of his increased wealth? Astor, with sixty millions, eats no more oysters, quail, woodcock and boned turkey, than he did when he was worth ten millions. He dresses no better and has a thousand times less fun. We beat him on the sleep, and have no law-suits with tenants and trespassers. Robbers lay for Astor every time he goes out-doors after dark. They don't think of us! Astor, with sixty millions of dollars, has sixty millions of troubles. To keep the run of his rents, bonds and real estate keeps Astor in work fourteen hours a day, and yet Astor gets three square meals a day, which is just what we obtain without any millions, any tenants, any real estate, and only work eight hours per day.

If men's happiness increased with their money, everybody would be justified in worshipping the Golden Calf. The happiness increases with their earnings up to a certain point—the point necessary to secure them the comforts of life, say two thousand dollars a year. All beyond this is superfluous. Being superfluous, it is productive of no good whatever. The richer the man, the greater is the probability that his sons will live on billiards and die in the inebriate asylum. With contentment and two thousand dollars a year a man may be as happy as a prince. Without contentment you will be miserable, even if your wealth equal the rent-rolls of Cressus.

BLUSHES.

GORTHE was in company with a mother and daughter, when the latter being reproved for something, blushed and burst into tears. He said to the mother:—"How beautiful your approach has made your daughter. That crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls; those may be hung on the neck of any woman; these are ever seen connected with moral purity. A full-blown flower sprinkled with purest hue is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

RESULT OF APPLICATION.

SEEK to acquire the power of continuous application, without which you can not expect success. If you do this, you will soon be able to perceive the distance which it creates between you and those who have not such habits. You will not count yourself, nor will they count you, as one of them. Thus you will find yourself emerging into the higher regions of intellectual and earnest men—men who are capable of making a place for themselves, instead of standing idly gaping, desiring a place without the power to command it. Keep on striving to accomplish more and more every day, and thus enlarge constantly the range of your intellectual ability. If you learn to do as much work in one day as you used to do in two or three days, you are as good as two or three such men as you formerly were, boiled down to one.

A Star Love Story!

We will soon commence a new and highly exciting novelette from the pen of a great public favorite, viz:

THE SHADOWED HEART;

OR,

The Ill-Starred Marriage.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,

AUTHOR OF "ERON MASK," "SCARLET CRESSANT," "INJURED WIFE," ETC.

That the "course of true love never did run smooth" is strikingly exemplified in this well-told tale. In a well-devised plot, the writer has introduced characters and situations well calculated to excite and deeply interest. Baffled purposes; sacrificing to duty; loving in spite of impassable barriers, are leading elements in the rapidly changing chapters of this absorbing heart and life romance.

It is another of our series of brilliant Short Stories, which will be one of the specialties of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE MODEL PAPER OF AMERICA!

ART HAPPY?

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Lady, thou'rt clad in velvet,
And jewels bedeck thy brow;
Thine arms are bound with diamonds
White as the crystal snow;
Thy carriage is soft and luxurious,
Thy horses the purest blood,
And homage from hearts that are loyal,
Is thine in a generous flood.

Lady, art happy? Pray tell me:
Thine eyes in thy brilliant eye—
Thy smile only plays on the surface
As lightning leaps over the sky;
The blush on thy cheek is not nature,
The tone of thy voice is constrained,
And the curve of thy beautiful red lips,
A shadow of grieving has gained.

Go on, lift thy head in thy beauty,
And toss up thy ringlets of jet—
There's a depth unfilled in thy bosom,
A grief thou canst never forget!
I pity thee, daughter of splendor,
The with all thy jewels and gems!
I value my heart of contentment
More worth than the crown diadems!

City Life Sketches.

RED-CAP, The Soldier Messenger.

BY AGILE PENNE.

"HERE, Red-Cap!" cried a tall, well-built gentleman, standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Hotel, one fine May evening in the year 1869.

The man addressed as "Red-Cap," was sauntering slowly by the hotel. His garb of faded blue, his red cap, and the empty right sleeve of his coat told that he was a disabled soldier. One who had fought for Uncle Sam and had left his trusty right arm on some southern battle-field. And now, the soldier who had marched to the quickstep of the Union and sealed his loyalty with his blood, was reduced to earning a scanty subsistence as a "Soldier Messenger"—a carrier of letters and parcels, eager to do any errand to gain him bread.

They say that Republics are ungrateful; that the Soldier Messenger Corps exist, proves the truth of the saying. The soldier turned at the call, and advanced to the man on the steps.

In person, the soldier was a good-looking fellow of, perhaps, five and twenty; with a frank, honest face. The short, black hair—mustache of the same hue, and a certain independent carriage of the head—hard to describe, but once seen, not easily forgotten—told plainly that he was a New York boy.

"Will you carry a letter for me to Fifth avenue?" asked the gentleman on the steps, as the soldier came up to him.

"Yes, sir," replied the messenger, in a full, manly voice.

The stranger on the steps started as the tones of the soldier's voice fell upon his ear. Eagerly he looked into the other's face.

"Haven't I met you before?" he asked, quickly.

A moment the soldier looked at the face of the gentleman before replying; then he shook his head.

"I think not, sir," he said, "although your face does seem familiar to me."

"I am Major Whitton, of the Twenty-ninth."

The soldier touched his cap, respectfully, at the announcement of the other's rank.

"Don't remember the name, sir," the Red-Cap said.

"What regiment were you in?"

"The Fifty-first New York."

"Do you remember at Fredericksburg, a captain of the Sixth Maine, shot through the shoulder and lying helpless on the field, when the signal for retreat was given?"

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier.

"You took the helpless man in your arms and carried him to the rear—placed him in an ambulance and thus saved his life?"

"Yes, I remember it," said the soldier, rather astonished at the knowledge of the other.

"I only did what was right—nothing more. But I don't understand how it is that you know the circumstances of the affair."

"That is easily explained," replied the other with a smile. "I am the man whose life you saved. The Maine captain is now a major in the regular army. I knew your hand, comrade."

The soldier hesitated.

"Why, major, I'm only a poor worthless devil."

"The badge of your worth is there, my friend," and the major laid his finger, gently, upon the soldier's empty sleeve, "and it is a black spot upon our honor as a nation, that we let our disabled soldiers almost starve in the streets, while we waste millions on icebergs and earthquakes, in the shape of new territory."

"Ours is a big country, major. Uncle Sam has probably forgotten us poor fellows, though we didn't forget him in the hour of danger," said the soldier, cheerfully.

"My name is Whitton; what may I call yours?" asked the major.

"Ames—Robert Ames," replied the soldier. "I am a shipwright by trade. I worked at a yard near Greenpoint, before the war."

A shrill scream ringing out on the still evening air attracted the attention of the two.

The scream came from a woman's lips.

In crossing Broadway the woman had been knocked down by an omnibus, and had fallen right in front of the horses.

Quickly the soldier and Whitton sprang to her assistance.

The omnibus driver had luckily pulled his horses up upon perceiving the woman in front of him, so that beyond the bruises caused by her fall, she had escaped injury.

The two men assisted the woman—who, though clad in wretched garments, was both young and pretty—to the sidewalk.

"Are you hurt, ma'am?" asked the soldier messenger.

"No, thank you; only a slight bruise," replied the woman, in a low, sweet voice, "I was more frightened than hurt."

Ames started with surprise as the woman spoke, and anxiously he looked into her face.

"Agnes Rapsley?" he cried, in astonishment.

"What?" exclaimed the woman, amazed, "do you know me?"

"Have you forgotten Robert Ames?" the soldier asked, a slight huskiness perceptible in his voice.

"You Robert Ames?" the woman exclaimed, as if unable to believe her hearing.

"Yes, I am the Robert Ames that you once knew," the soldier said. "I have changed a great deal since '61, but you have changed more than I." Sad was the tone of the speaker.

"Oh! I have had so much trouble," the woman cried, despairingly. "My husband now is lying on his death-bed, I fear; I was seeking some friends for assistance. Robert!" exclaimed the woman, looking into his face with her soft blue eyes, "can you forget the past and aid me now in my hour of trouble?"

"Willingly!" cried the soldier, impulsively. "What do you wish me to do?"

"Come with me to my wretched home, and see if any thing can be done to aid my husband," the woman replied.

"Yes, I'll go at once."

"I'll go with you!" exclaimed the major, perceiving clearly that there was some mystery connected with the woman and the soldier messenger's relations in the past.

The woman whom the Red-Cap had called Agnes Rapsley led the way, while the one-armed soldier and the major followed.

"The woman—or girl rather, for she seems to be quite young—is an old acquaintance of yours," the major said.

"Yes," replied Ames, "in '62 she almost broke my heart; and in '65 her husband cost me my right arm. Through her and him my whole life has been ruined."

The major stared in astonishment at these strange words fell upon his ear.

The woman led the way to a tenement-house in Mulberry street.

The house was situated in the rear and was one of the worst of its class. The stairs and entry-ways were reeking with filth. Contagion lurked in the air.

The woman led the two to a room at the very top of the house.

On a dirty mattress extended upon the bare floor lay a man evidently high unto death. The bloated and swollen features told that the demon, Rum, had had much to do with the advent of the Dark Angel, who even now was flapping his wings over the head of the death-stricken man.

The major, though used to scenes of carnage, shuddered at this sight.

"Is there any hope?" asked the woman, eagerly.

The major shook his head.

"I will not attempt to deceive you," he said, slowly. "I do not think he will live an hour."

"Oh, if he would but speak before he dies," the wife moaned, sadly. "He has some secret upon his mind—something that concerns my happiness, so he said. He was about to tell me just before this attack."

"Then he has not spoken since?"

"No."

"Possibly some brandy might revive him so that he can speak. Will you go for some?"

The major gave her a greenback, and quickly she departed.

The Red-Cap gazed long and earnestly at the face of the helpless man.

"You know him?" asked the major.

"Yes; he was once my rival for the love of the woman who has just left us—Agnes," the soldier said. "His name is William Rapsley. He and I were boys together—lived in the same street—went to the same school, and then, when we became men, entered the same ship-yard and worked side by side. He was a handsome fellow—you wouldn't think it to look at him now—but he was always fond of drink and devilment, and I see it has proved the ruin of him; not only his ruin, but hers, too—the girl, major, that I once loved better than I did any thing else in the world. I'll tell you the whole story—that is, if you'd like to hear it."

"Certainly, I feel quite a curiosity."

"While Bill Rapsley and I were working together side by side in the same yard, we both got acquainted with Agnes. She was an orphan, without a relative in the world, and worked in a millinery store on Division street. She boarded just two doors from my house. Well, Agnes then—this was in '60, just before the war—was as pretty a girl as a man would want to look at, and she was as good, too, as she was pretty. Both Bill Rapsley and myself fell in love with and courted her at the same time. She liked me the best, although Bill was a much better-looking fellow than I. Well, at last Agnes gave me her promise to be my wife. Rapsley took the matter in a good-natured way. He said, 'It's been a fair field—no favor, and the best man has won; and if she does like you better than she does me, that's no reason why we should be enemies.' And so affairs were when the war broke out. I don't know exactly how it was, but it seemed to me that I ought to shoulder a musket and fight for my government, and so I enlisted.

"After I got to Virginia, I received letters regularly from Agnes; and if ever a woman's letters were a comfort to a man, then her letters were a comfort to me. They seemed to come right from her heart. Then, all of a sudden, and without any reason, her letters stopped. I wrote three times, but no answer came. Then we advanced, and in a skirmish I was wounded, and was confined to the hospital for about six weeks. After I recovered and came out, I met a friend from New York, and from him I learned that my Agnes had married Bill Rapsley. Major, when I heard that news I sat down and cried like a child. I didn't want to live—I wanted to die. The next night I went into, I fought like a devil; but it wasn't any use; the bullet wasn't cast that was to kill me.

"So things went on till '65. I had re-enlisted and was a veteran. In the struggle at Petersburg, after we had made that attack in the night, and been repulsed—just as we were falling back, with the Confeds right on top of us, I stumbled across a wounded man, I picked him up, and, to my astonishment, it was Bill Rapsley; just as I recognized him, a squad of the enemy charged upon us; I saw a saber uplifted to cut Rapsley down; I threw up my arm, received the saber-cut upon my wrist—saved the life of Bill Rapsley—the man who had married the girl I loved—at the cost of my right arm. In the skirmish that followed—for a party of our boys rallied to my rescue—I lost sight of Rapsley, and I have never seen him from that time till my eyes fell upon him to-night."

"Ames, many a man has been called a hero for doing less than you have done. History has written the deeds of our great men, but the unwritten deeds of our privates shame many on whose shoulders blazon the General's stars. But have you no idea why this girl betrayed you?"

"None in the least," answered the Red-Cap, slowly. "Oh, major! I feel that I love her now, though years have passed, as well as I ever did."

A moan from the sick man attracted the attention of the two. They hastened to his side.

The glazed eyes of the dying man stared fixedly at the face of the soldier-messenger.

"Bob Ames?" murmured the sick man, in a husky, broken voice. "I'm glad you're here. I want you to forgive me before I die. I stole the letters you wrote to Agnes—forged

one in your hand, saying that you were tired of her and that she had better look for another lover. Her pride hurt, she accepted me. I stole your wife, and you saved my life. My life, since that time, has been a hell. Say you forgive me—pray for me—I'm a miserable, drunken beast. Oh! mercy—mercy!"

And with this last despairing cry upon his lips, the guilty soul of Rapye fled to answer to his Judge.

Agnes returning, found that her husband was far beyond earthly aid. She could not weep, for his death was freedom to her. She had been the patient, uncomplaining slave of a drunken husband. But now the fetters were broken—she was free once more.

The major drew Ames to one side.

"Here are two fifty-dollar bills," he said, putting the greenbacks into the soldier-messenger's hand. "See to the burial of this man, and that this poor girl has a decent home. Ames, I'm going to lend you five hundred dollars to start you in business. When you get rich, you can repay me; but, don't be in a hurry—take your time about it. For six years I've been looking for the man that saved my life, and now that I've found him, I'm going to show my gratitude if I can."

The open-hearted major would not take "no" for an answer, and at last Ames accepted the kind offer.

Within six months, Agnes became the wife of the one-armed soldier; the old love was still strong within her heart.

In a snug little shop on Sixth avenue, Ames does a thriving business, and few would recognize in the happy-looking couple the woman who was dragged from beneath the horse's hoofs, or Red-Cap, the Soldier Messenger.

Myrtle Rapye, THE BOOKBINDER GIRL.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

THE last rays of the fast-dying sun, shining in through a third-story window in a large brick building in Nassau street, New York, fell upon the head of a fair young girl, working at a bench near the window, and circled it with a halo of light like that that the old masters on the painted canvas gave as a crown of glory to their saintly pictures. And well worthy was Myrtle Rapye of the sunbeams that kissed her soft brown hair, and flocked it here and there with amber and gold.

The room in which she worked—for our heroine was a daughter of toil, and earned her bread by the sweat of her brow and the deft skill of her little brown hands—held many a pretty girl, for it was one of the largest book-binders in New York, but not one was there in the room to compare with pretty brown-eyed, brown-haired Myrtle.

Yet she was but a common working-girl, depending upon her daily toil for existence; boarding—clothing herself on a salary of seven dollars per week; and want appeared not either in her face or dress.

With her round, merry face, browned by nature's master hand, her sparkling eyes, little yet lithe and graceful form, Myrtle was a general favorite, although she had worked but a single month in the shop.

The work-girls, whose keen eyes saw every thing, soon discovered that Myrtle had two lovers. The first was Edmund Osgood, the foreman of the shop, a tall, dark, dark-haired man, with trenchant, shifting, gray eyes. A man with a dissipated look, but a good workman, and intrusted by Mr. Renard, the owner of the bindery, with full control over the work-shop. The second was Gilbert, son of Renard, and holding position in the bindery next to Osgood.

Gilbert Renard was a good-looking young fellow, with a frank and open face, quite a contrast to his father, who was noted for his sternness and arbitrary manner of dealing with his employees. So, while all liked the son, few admired the father.

Young Renard and the foreman soon discovered that they were rivals; but as to which one was favored by Myrtle none in the shop could tell.

And now as the young girl worked cheerfully at her bench, with the last rays of the sun adorning her with a crown of glory, Osgood came carelessly up to her side.

For a moment he watched the nimble fingers deftly busying themselves with the gold-leaf and the stamping-iron.

"You are improving rapidly," he said at length. "I shall have to speak to Mr. Renard about raising your wages."

"I shall be much obliged, sir," said the girl, without, however, raising her eyes from her work.

"Are you still boarding at the same place in East Broadway? the same address that you gave me when you first came here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she replied, wondering at the question.

"Do you like visitors?" he asked, suddenly.

Myrtle understood his meaning now.

"I do not have any, sir," she replied, still keeping her eyes intent upon her work.

"Wouldn't you like one—a friend to come and see you now and then? A friend that could help you a great deal, if he saw a reason so to do?" And then Osgood bent over the work-bench, apparently to examine the work, but in reality to catch the glance of Myrtle's brown eyes and read there the consent he hoped for. But the girl shily evaded his gaze. She did not answer his question either. He repeated it in another form.

"Suppose a gentleman called to see you next Sunday, would you be pleased to receive him?"

"I do not desire visitors," said Myrtle, feeling that she must speak.

The brow of Osgood grew dark as the words fell upon his ear. He understood their meaning only too well. He was rejected. He, the foreman with a handsome salary, rejected by a poor working-girl. For a moment he was silent. Then from between his teeth came a few cold words.

"You may regret your decision," he said, then he passed on to another part of the room.

Myrtle felt that she had made an enemy of the man who, possibly, might use his influence to deprive her of the situation she now held; might take the bread from her mouth, because she would not listen to his love.

For the rest of the afternoon Myrtle's brow was clouded over.

The end of the day's toil came. Myrtle, putting on her hat and cloak, took her way homeward. Hardly had she gone six blocks when she discovered that she had lost her little pocket-book. Then she remembered,

that having occasion to open it, she had laid it down upon her work-bench. Possibly it was still there. If the bindery was still open she would recover it at once, so she hurried back.

On ascending the stairs that led to the bindery, she met Gilbert Renard coming down. The hands had all departed and he had just locked up the work-room.

To Gilbert Myrtle explained her loss.

Eager to oblige the young girl, whom he cared more for than he ever dared to acknowledge to himself, Gilbert retraced his steps, and unlocking the door of the work-shop, entered, followed by the young girl.

It was now quite dark, so Gilbert lit the gas, then with Myrtle went into the inner room, where the girl worked.

As Myrtle had guessed, her pocket-book lay upon her work-bench amid the waste paper.

"I am very much obliged," she said, gratefully, as they returned to the outer room again. "I am real sorry to give you the trouble of coming back."

"Oh, don't mention it," he said. "I'd take a great deal more trouble than that for your sake." Then Gilbert, conscious that he had said more than he intended, stopped abruptly, while Myrtle blushed to her temples at his words.

"I am very much obliged," she stammered, in confusion. And no wonder, for two avowals of love in one day might confuse any girl.

Then Myrtle laid her hand upon the door that led into the entry. A cry of alarm broke from her lips.

"What's the matter?" cried Gilbert, who stood by the gas, ready to turn it off.

"The door is locked!" she repeated, in dismay.

"What?" cried Gilbert, in astonishment.

"The door is locked!" she repeated, in dismay.

"Why how can that be?" he asked, hastening to her side; "I left the key upon the outside."

"Some one then has followed us and turned it," and the tears came into Myrtle's eyes as she realized her perilous position.

"Heavens!" cried Gilbert, in dismay, "if any one should come and find us here together your reputation would be ruined."

Myrtle burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Myrtle—dear Myrtle!" cried Gilbert, drawing her to his side, and stroking the brown hair tenderly. "I'll find some means to get out. Oh! this is terrible!"

Then a sudden thought flashed across Gilbert's mind.

"There is a coil of rope in the other room; if it is long enough I can descend to the roof of the adjoining house and then get into the street by the skylight."

The rope was tried and found to be some twenty feet short.

"I can easily drop that," said Gilbert, cheerfully.

"But you will hurt yourself," cried Myrtle, through her tears.

"Better break my legs than ruin your life forever," said Gilbert, earnestly. "If we are discovered here together, all the world will point the finger of shame at you, Myrtle. I must save your reputation, for I love you."

"Oh, Gilbert," said Myrtle, softly, and she did not offer resistance to the strong arms that drew her gently to the breast of her lover.

"Yes, Myrtle, I love you earnestly and truly," and the deep tone of the young man's voice showed how intense was the passion that filled his heart. "But, Myrtle," he continued, "I am the son of a man who thinks a great deal of money and a great deal of station. I know that it will be difficult to obtain his consent to my marriage with a poor girl. But should the stain of a discovery here with me come upon your reputation, I know he will never consent. So for both our sakes, I must escape from this horrible trap, even though it cost me a limb."

"Be careful, Gilbert," the girl murmured, twining her arms around the neck of her lover, "be careful, for my sake, for I love you so dearly."

With a kiss, full of passionate love, Gilbert claimed Myrtle as his own.

"Now for it!" he cried, as he sprang to the window. But as he laid his hand upon the rope, his eyes fell upon a heavy wrench lying upon one of the work-benches.

"Myrtle!" he cried, "I've a new idea. With this wrench I can hammer the catch of the lock away. Luckily it is inside and not in the woodwork. So I shall not have to risk my limbs after all!"

"I am so glad of that!" Myrtle said, gleefully.

Then with the heavy wrench Gilbert battered away at the door-catch.

Ten minutes of hard work and then he struck the iron catch from its place and it fell to the floor.

The path to freedom was open.

The reputation of Myrtle saved.

"At last!" Gilbert cried, in triumph, as he threw down the wrench and looked at the battered door-post.

"You have saved me!" Myrtle exclaimed, looking with eyes full of love into the face of the man who was dearer to her than all the world beside; though two hours before she would not have confessed it even to herself.

"Yes; but I'd give something to know who fastened us in," said Gilbert. "It may be an accident, but it looks a great deal like design. But we're free now. Dear Myrtle, we must keep our love a secret for the present. I'll try and gain my father's consent, but if he refuses—Well, let us hope that he will not. A good-by kiss, Myrtle."

And then once more Gilbert took the young girl in his arms, folded her little, yielding form to his breast, and from her red lips received the warm kiss, full of electric fire that true love gives to true love.

Then the door opened suddenly, and disclosed to the astonished lovers the face and form of John Renard, Gilbert's father and owner of the book-binery; behind him stood Edmund Osgood, the foreman.

The position of Myrtle and Gilbert—she clasped in his arms—left no doubt in John Renard's mind in regard to their feeling toward each other.

"So, sir," said the old man, sternly, "it is true then. When I was told that I should find my son with one of my work-girls in the work-shop at this hour, I did not believe it."

At the entrance of the two, Myrtle, in alarm, would have escaped from the embrace of Gilbert, but he held her firmly to his breast, and with upright head and undaunted brow faced his father.

"It is easily explained, sir," he said, firmly but respectfully. "Miss Rapye forgot her pocket-book; she returned to look for it just as I was locking up. When we went into the inner shop, some one—who had evidently watched Miss Rapye—locked the door upon the outside. It was a cowardly act to

strike at the reputation of a woman. With the wrench I forced the door open. And if any man—I don't care who he is—dares to say a single word against the good name of this lady—who is my promised wife—he'll have to answer it to me."

Gilbert had guessed who had locked the door and carried the intelligence to his father; and Edmund Osgood understood that Gilbert's defiance was meant for him.

"You—my son—marry this girl—a beggar!" cried old Renard, in a rage.

"No, not a beggar!" exclaimed Myrtle, proudly facing the angry father, a little red spot burning in her cheeks, though tears were in the soft brown eyes. "I work for my bread, but I am not a beggar. Your son asked me to love him—he sought me—not I him. I can be as proud in my poverty as you in your riches. Myrtle Rapye never yet begged from any one."

When Myrtle looked the old man full in the face, he started with surprise. And then as the name fell upon his ears—the strange, old name—he passed his hand across his brow as if in thought.

"I think I know your family, young woman," he said, sternly. "Your father was named Jabez Rapye; he was a blacksmith in Litchfield, Connecticut."

"Yes, sir," Myrtle answered, in wonder. "You need not wait, Mr. Osgood," said old Renard. "I am fully satisfied."

With a smile of malicious triumph upon his sallow face, Osgood went down-stairs.

"So, sir," said the father, after Osgood's departure, "I suppose you intend to marry this girl whether I consent or not?"

"Indeed I do," said the old man, dryly. "And you, miss, I suppose if he insists upon your marrying him, you will consent even if I object?"

"I suppose so, sir," answered Myrtle, timidly.

"If your mother had thought as you do, you would have been my child instead of the daughter of Jabez Rapye, the blacksmith," said the old man, while the lovers looked at him with astonishment. "She loved me—we went to school in Litchfield together—but her folks preferred the thriving blacksmith to the poor country lad. But you can be my daughter now. Take her, Gilbert, and my blessing; you'd take her any way without it; so you might as well have it."

And so peace, love and happiness came to Myrtle Rapye.

She had pierced the defenseless spot in the armor of worldliness that John Renard wore.

For the sake of his first love—her mother—he consented to his son's marriage with the poor work-girl.

The next day Edmund Osgood, the foreman, received his wages and his dismissal. The plotter was "hoist by his own petard." His blood recoiled upon himself.

Myrtle became the wife of Gilbert. And now a brown-eyed cherub sits crowing in her lap—a darling babe, with the witching brown eyes of his mother and the curling locks of his father. A well-spring of joy—that gift of heaven—to the heart of her who was once the book-binder girl.

THE STORY OF LOVE.

BY A. J. H. DUQUANNE.

Beneath the oaks, in saffron haze,
The village elders sat together,
And talked of crops and market days,
Of suns and stormy weather;
Far off the West was all ablaze,
From upper clouds to nether.

In purple pomp, and fiery flush,
The kingly day, like victor gory,
On chariot wheels with splendor lush,
Rode down the slopes of glory;
And twilight crept, with tender hush,
To heaven, like pilgrim hoary.

Anon, the moonbeams' amber sheen
Lit up the leaves of oaks and ashes,
And kissed the children on the green,
And fell, in silver plashes,
Where lovers talked, in leafy screen,
To maidens with downcast lashes.

The old, old tale, forever young,
That Eve rehearsed in sinless Eden,
That Hero wept and Sappho sung—
With bliss and pain o'erladen;
The old, old tale, that lover's tongue
Forever tells to maiden.

The lovers walked in fragrant dusk,
With clasping hands and hiding faces;
The elders talked of grain and husk;
The children ran their races;
And crickets chirped, and pleasant musk
Arose from leafy places.

Till, one by one, with measured strokes,
The village curfews chimed eleven;
And, one by one, beneath the oaks,
The elders said "Good-even!"
And, one by one, the children-folks
Went home, to dream of heaven.

And silence crept along the leas,
And misty shadows grayly glistened;
But still, beneath the moonlit trees,
The lovers talked and listened;
And all the old histories
For them were newly christened.

All care beyond, all fear above,
These feelings leaved and safely breathe it,
And hear it sobbed by brooding dove,
And see the roses wreath it;
And dream that true and tender love
Outlasteth all beneath it.

No dream indeed! no twilight gleam
Of light that fades in shadows hoary;
But golden breaks, that softly gleam,
From opening gates of glory:
Our life the thread, our hearts the theme,
In heaven we end the story.

One Way of Courting.

BY FANNY ELLIOT.

"You've decided, you're sure, Dell? Remember, you will never have a similar opportunity again."

Amber Melton glanced up from the crocheting in her fingers, and steadily surveyed the pretty, plump face leaning half dejectedly against the window-pane, on the outside of which a dreary November rain-storm was pitilessly beating. She was an interesting girl, this dark-haired Dell Cameron; a trifle higher than most women of her age, and certainly much more matured in mind.

To-day, when the world outside seemed sobbing itself away for very dismalness, she made a peculiarly pretty picture in her warm-lined crimson wrapper, and daintily ruffled white apron; her gleaming watch and chain, and the tiny crimson satin bow peeping from her dark hair.

Mrs. Melton thought so, too, as she gazed at her, for she laughed as she returned to her work.

"It's not much wonder he's in love with you, Dell. I think any man in his senses would lose his heart to see you just this minute."

Dell smiled faintly, as she glanced languidly at her watch.

"So rare an article as a genuine compliment from one's married sister ought to be duly appreciated; but, truth to tell, *ma chere sœur*, I am in a very ill humor this afternoon."

"All because of the horrid equinoctial, or on account of Mr. Sterling's proposal, eh, pussy?"

A faint blush came to Dell's cheeks, and she tapped against the glass impatiently. For several seconds both maintained an unbroken silence; then, suddenly, Dell arose from her seat, and flung herself on the hassock at Mrs. Melton's feet.

"Amber, dear, you can not imagine how perfectly miserable I am. Sometimes I think I could give up all I possess to die."

Mrs. Melton never seen him. I think it is that very reason why I dislike him so; to think that any one, who pretends to be a gentleman, would ask in marriage the hand of a person that he has not seen in ten years."

Dell's voice grew indignant, and Mrs. Melton smiled amusedly.

"You forget Mr. Sterling is one of our dearest, longest-trying friends, sister. Besides, father sent your picture to him but a few months ago, so he can judge for himself what you look like."

"Which is more than I am permitted to do. But, Amber, besides hating Morton Sterling, there is another impediment in the way. I like somebody else."

A delicious little blush accompanied her words, but she firmly met her sister's half-horrified eyes.

"You love another? Dell, Dell, what will father say?"

"There, that's just the way it always is! It's only what father says and thinks. I am a secondary consideration."

"But I am surprised, so completely taken aback, Dell. You never have so much as intimated to me the existence of another lover. Who is he?"

Dell did not reply for several seconds. Then she raised her eyes and looked steadily, defiantly, in Mrs. Melton's curious face.

"You'll be surprised, then, horrified, then angry. I am ready for all of it, Amber Melton. I am going to marry Ed Winchester."

Her cheeks reddened and her fingers trembled. The joy of Mrs. Melton's knees.

"Ed Winchester?"

Her sister repeated the name in intense amazement. "Surely not that young lawyer! Oh, Dell Cameron, you never will throw yourself away on him!"

Dell's eyes fairly blazed.

"Throw myself away on him? I tell you, Amber, he's too good for me; and I tell you too I ask no brighter fate this side heaven than to be Ed Winchester's wife."

Neither spoke for a long time; and the rain came in a driving storm against the parlor windows, and the drear autumn wind shrieked past the house and down the drenched streets.

Mrs. Cameron's stylish parlors were brilliantly lighted up, and before the pier-glass stood Dell, critically surveying her faultless person.

She was looking well, and she knew it, in her trailing black silk, and heavy Etruscan gold ornaments, and a rosy tinge blushed on her cheeks, as a well-known voice came laughingly to her.

"Captivating, as usual, Miss Adele! I wonder if angels ever wear those kind of dresses?"

Handsome Ed Winchester—graceless young Winchester, took both her hands, and then, when they were imprisoned, deliberately kissed her lips.

There, Miss Adele, just consider that a settlement in part of the grudge I owe you for permitting you to use your name in connection with that Western piece of gravity on *dit* is coming to marry you."

He led her to a sofa, and sat down closely beside her.

"You are an exceedingly impertinent young man; and you deserve to be tabooed the privilege of my society—in favor of this much discussed Mr. Sterling, from Iowa."

Dell frowned, but a happy smile softened it, and Winchester crossed tenderly a long sea curl that floated down her shoulder.

"A truce to such badinage, my darling. Tell me you are glad to see me, and that you love me as much as ever."

A tender light shone in his eyes, and his voice was lovingly low.

"You know it, Ed; why need I tell you? Yet, if you but knew how determined my father is, I shall accept this hated, horrid Morton Sterling."

A strange smile crept over the handsome lover's face, and his white teeth gleamed back of his black mustache.

"Honor bright, now, Dell, why have you conceived such a dislike to this gentleman? Is it because he presumes to woo you without giving you a chance to woo him? Or—

I hope so, my darling—had you given me your heart before he sought it?"

Dell's eyes fell, and her face grew rosy. Then she looked up, half-tenderly, half-roughly.

"First come, first served, *vous savez*?"

"That I am thankful I came first, my darling."

"You know we expect Mr. Sterling by every train, now?"

"I heard so, I think. And, little Dell, my chief object in calling to-night was to see your father and tell him I want you. I know I am poor, Dell, but I am industrious and ambitious. I know, too, from current rumor, that Mr. Sterling is wealthy and influential; but, darling, money and position can not compel love, can they?"

He had looked very grave while he was speaking, but when he noted the sweet blush on Dell's cheeks he unconsciously spoke more happily and hopefully.

"There will be no use in speaking to father, Ed. He will not even listen. He is so fascinated by this other suit that I hardly think that a king of the realm would be accepted for me."

"But I'll find him in the library?"

Winchester arose, as Dell nodded yes, and left her; her eyes bright as stars, and her cheeks blushing like twin roses.

"Adele!"

Mr. Cameron's voice, loud and almost harsh, aroused her from her delicious reverie.

"Adele, you hear me? I've ordered that young jackanapes off, and come to tell you here is Mr. Sterling's card. He has just come from the West, and awaits your pleasure in the reception-room."

Not a word of comfort for the blissful dream so rudely awakened; only this hateful announcement of a hated personage.

Dell's eyes grew insufferably dark, and she clenched her hands tightly together.

"Well, sir?" she managed to say.

"I desire you to greet your intended in a proper and becoming manner; let there be no further thought of that young scapegrace; make up your mind to marry Mr. Sterling."

A defiant gleam in Dell's eyes was unnoticed by her father, as he started off to bring Mr. Sterling in.

Dell paced the floor in intense excitement.

"I must now take a stand. To-day I will be sent from my father's house, for well I know when I tell him flatly I can not marry Morton Sterling—"

Her hasty promenade was cut short by the sound of returning footsteps. "There, I will be calm during this interview. Come, Jyps," and she seated herself on the *tele-a-tele*, calling her pet, a shaggy Newfoundland dog, to her side.

"There, good fellow, we have a battle to fight. Now for it!"

Mr. Cameron entered, arm in arm with—who? what?

Dell's eyes almost started from her head as she gazed upon the figure before her.

"My daughter, Mr. Sterling. Morton, my boy, this is Dell."

Then, without a word, he left them alone.

Dell bowed, her eyes still surveying the gentleman opposite her.

He was certainly a splendid figure, tall and lit

Our Ballads.

[We propose to award a corner in our paper to original ballads, and will be happy to receive from our friends contributions of that class. Some of the most charming poems in the language are ballads. We hope our contributors having a talent for this species of composition, will let us hear from them.]

CONSTABLE-SUB.

A constable-sub, of a neighboring town,
Who was keen as a shark for wealth and renown,
Devised a new project of making a raid,
Such projects nefarious were most of his trade,
Sometimes upon widows in penny dire,
Sometimes upon criminals worthy his ire,
Or some shiftless debtor who's wont to abscond
And shun honest debts not pinned by a bond,
Resorting like him to such mental ends,
That his conscience elastic e'en Satan offends,
For 'tis said that his highness of Erebus dark,
Still treasures of honor a very faint spark,
A trait that this constable-sub, you will guess,
Did not as a feature redeeming possess,
Or having it, had, like a miser with pelf,
A manner of keeping it strictly to self.

Some indigent Norskes, ignoring a law
That shuts nature's spoon to a hungry maw,
Thought once for a change they would vary their dish
Of barley and milk to a mess of fresh fish,
So snitting the deed to the will of the heart,
Thro' the snows of the winter, they hopefully start,
Poor shivering imps, for a pitiful mite
They angle and watch with a seeming delight,
While the modest return of a half a score
Was the end of their luck, and they fished for no more;

Yet grateful indeed for their scanty success,
Ere turning them thither they Providence bless,
A practice quite common with this humble folk
Who in all undertakings God's pleasure invoke,
But scarce was the blessing for favor announced,
Ere constable-sub like a tiger-cat pounced
On the victims unwary and hurried them thence,
With a "trespass of law," as his only defense
For seizing and bearing them off in his coils
Like a serpent, and sharing a half of the spoils:
A trick often practiced, by which some have learned
That many a penny's this lawfully earned,
While that which is drawn through the screen of the law,

With them is correct, and they care not a straw
For the principle strangled, or bartered, or sold,
If but backed by the law, and rewarded by gold.
Tho' we do not contend that a law should be broke,
E'en tho' it may prove to be naught but a yoke,
Yet he who makes use of its faults to oppress
The simple and needy, is, nevertheless,
As much of a villain as he who ignores
The source of protection and rushes through doors
To the grief and dismay of the honest and those
Who recognize right, and all error oppose;
While he who resorts to such ends to recruit
His purse, is no better at heart than a brute,
Deserving the honest anathema dire
Of all who condemn doing evil for hire,
Such wretches I hate, and I fear not their frown,
And 'tis true manhood's duty to level them down,
Down with them forever, and hence let them feel
The keenness and force of true justice's steel.
Let honor have advocates open and true,
And evil will vanish 'neath heaven's pure blue;
This cringing to demons is 'Truth's saddest shame,
A blemish that must be effaced from her fame,
And the sooner 'tis done, the sooner she shall
On her brow wear in triumph a bright coronal.

JOSEPH PLACKETT.

The Ebon Mask

OR,
THE MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.
AUTHOR OF "THE SCARLET CHERUB," "INJURED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

When Julian St. John was rudely flung upon the floor of his prison, it would be almost impossible to describe his feelings. The cold, damp, filthy floor; the cruel chain about his limbs impeding the circulation, and rendering him faint and exhausted; the low ceiling, under which he could barely stand erect—these were grievances, but minor ones; greater sorrows than personal discomforts absorbed all thoughts or care for self.

Helene! Was she safe, and would Pepe keep his promise to guard her vigilantly? Thoughts of her filled his soul with intensest anguish, and when he remembered Zarate's taunting words, the impetuous fire leaped to his eye and the indignant blood to his face.

"Villain, rascal, traitor! but if I ever get clear of this foul hole, the life of that miscreant will pay for it!"

But he grew calmer and more reasonable as day after day passed on. Helene had presented her petition to the cruel commandant, only to be insulted; Helene, the queen of Julian's affections, had been rudely caught and thrust into a dreary dungeon, and had passed tedious hours under the same roof that sheltered his head, and not twenty yards from his cell-door. And of all this the hunter was in profound ignorance; better it was so, perhaps.

It was the morning after Helene's escape that Julian stood by the narrow aperture, that served, in a style peculiar to itself, the double purpose of ventilator and window. The cool beauty of the day had no charm for him, and he gazed listlessly forth, scarce seeing, certainly not noticing, the clear blue of the clouds, or the gleaming foliage in its emerald freshness.

Suddenly a low whistle fell upon his ears. He started and listened. Again it came, low, very low, scarce more than a whispered echo. It sounded familiar, and a vague hope thrilled his heart as he allowed himself to think it might be a signal for him. Once more it came, and, urged by a strong impulse, he answered.

All was quiet for some time, when suddenly a tiny stick struck against the iron bars and fell just outside them. Quickly as he could free his chained feet, he reached and took it in. Around the twig was twined a slip of paper, and upon it was written, in a cursive hand, he knew was Pinto's:

"My brother, help is at hand. Be at the window to-night, just after dusk."

That was all it said, but it was enough, and patiently he awaited the appointed hour. Slowly sunk the sun, and then followed the lovely twilight, that delightful hour so fitting for repose and quiet, when it seems as though through the realms of space angels had passed, leaving behind an impress of their presence; that hour when the day seems reluctant to resign its scepter to night, yet lingeringly obeys.

The darker shades gathered, and, watchful and expectant, Julian stood at the window.

A low whisper startled him.

"Julian."

"Here, Pepe, waiting for you."

"Hold up your hands, and take this."

A knife gleamed before his eyes.

"My hands are chained, and I can not."

A silence followed this reply.

"If I could get your fetters off your arms you would be all right. Think, Julian; can you not devise some plan?"

"Can't you slip it between the bars?"

"No; the hilt is much too thick. I will fix it; wait a second."

Probably half an hour elapsed ere Pepe returned with the blade.

"I saw the guard, so I was delayed longer than I expected. Now, your arms; reach them up, can't you?"

He could not, and Pepe threw the knife through. For a while he tried to snap his chain, but was unsuccessful.

"Here, Pepe, I will step on this roll of matting and straw; there, you can reach my wrists."

He bent his head to avoid collision with the ceiling, and laid his hands against the bars.

Without a word, Pepe applied the keen-tempered saw, and in a moment Julian's arms were free.

"Now, your feet," commanded Pepe.

The chain that held them was, after considerable trouble, divided; and he could walk once more.

"The time to escape is not yet; you must use that knife whenever you have an opportunity. The walls here are nothing but wood and hardened clay, which will not long resist your knife. The next night but one from this I will come with horses, and you can fly. The guard is coming again, and I must hurry off."

Pepe was gone ere Julian could reply; he turned to his dismal cell again, and adjusted his chains about his limbs to give any chance visitors the appearance of being bound firmly, yet allowing himself free motion.

Cautiously he began his task; patiently he tried various places in the wall, endeavoring to select the best. At last, about a yard from the window he concluded to begin his mining operations, so, listening to see if he could detect any sound, he went to work with no feeble arm. For a long time he continued his task, until heated and tired, he carefully removed all traces of his work, hid the knife, and sat down to recover from his fatigue.

"This being bound so long, and so tightly, too, makes me weaker than I would have thought," he murmured to himself, as he carefully arranged the fetters upon his legs and arms.

Left once more to his thoughts, they quickly reverted to Helene, who, even at that moment, was eagerly, anxiously awaiting the midnight hour when she would be freed from the prison walls.

The night slowly passed, and the morning dawned; dawned upon Julian in his lonely cell; upon the commandant sleeping as Leota had left him; and upon the inmates of a lodge built in the most quiet recesses of the cypress grove. Gathered around a humble board, upon which was spread the frugal morning repast, were Señora Valencie, Helene, and the mysterious creature, Leota. Near the door stood Pepe Pinto.

"And to-night, Pepe, did you say he would come?"

"Perhaps to-night, signorina; may be not until to-morrow. I shall, if possible, visit the window again when dusk comes, and, if all is ready, I don't see why this midnight will not do as well as to-morrow's."

"Do bring him as soon as you can; and bring him here, Pepe, to Leota's but; may he not?" asked Helene, turning to the lady.

"Most certainly I shall expect him; and then we can fly to a more secure retreat if necessary."

"It grieves me so, dear lady, that you should risk your personal safety for me," returned the maiden, looking sorrowfully at Leota.

"Say not so, my child; do you not remember the words I told you that night in your prison-cell? Remember them, but allow me to pursue my own course."

"Always and ever will I gladly and willingly obey you. And so long as I live will you be gratefully and lovingly remembered."

The impulsive, enthusiastic girl caught the hands of her deliverer in her own.

"There, there, child, you are foolish," but Helene saw a happy, fond light scintillate from the veiled eyes.

"Finish your breakfast, daughter, do!" interrupted her mother.

"I am done, thank you, mamma. But I want to ask you a question which I had almost forgotten. I want to know where Niña is? do you know? Poor creature, I saw her last just as they—they took me."

Helene's eyes gleamed in excited remembrance. Her mother exchanged glances

with Leota, and seeking to pacify her daughter, replied, carelessly:

"Somewhere in the woods, I suppose. I have not seen her since she told me of your seizure."

"Then it was she who conveyed the news? I might have guessed it. And did you leave the cottage immediately to come here?"

"The same night, daughter. Niña directed me to this spot, and here I found your generous deliverer, who insisted upon my remaining with her while she brought you to me."

"And the villagers; what do they say of our sudden flitting?"

"I know not, but I suppose nothing. They would very naturally suppose we had gone on a visit to our friends; no one except those interested know of your troubles."

While this side-play was being enacted in the cottage in the cypress grove, another of entirely different character was transacting not far distant.

Zarate and De Leon were the chief actors.

"And so your wooing speeds right auspiciously, colonel?" remarked his brother officer, with the almost indifferent air so peculiar to him.

"Auspicious, indeed, comrade; gentle, quiet and subdued! Ha! ha! I know how to bring her down a peg or so."

He rubbed his hands in glee.

"Gentle and quiet, you said, friend?"

"Remarkably; why, man, I wish you could have witnessed our interview yesterday."

"So you had the impudence to visit her in her cell, eh? Ah, Zarate, I fear you are a bad fellow."

The colonel smiled, and complacently stroked his mustache, as though he enjoyed the compliment.

"You must not be hard on a fellow, mon amigo. Just as if it were possible to remain from such a dainty little piece of dimity. But, confidentially, De Leon, I was a little surprised at her demeanor, and my reception; so much so that I positively forgot my errand. However, I promised to see her again this afternoon, and then I'll lay an *onza* she is willing enough."

His companion puffed away at his cigar.

"Changed her tactics to throw you off your guard. Depend upon it, colonel, that the Signorina Helene is no less cunning than daring. She only assumes—"

"What mean you, De Leon?" interrupted the commandant, turning pale with surprise.

"If you will wait until I am through, possibly you may understand what I mean—that is, unless you are too intoxicated with your imaginary success to be rational, and listen to reason."

De Leon's voice was cool, and betrayed no disposition to hasten, although he noticed the impatient scowl on his companion's brow.

"Well, then, if you are at last ready, do pray condescend to impart this wonderful piece of information," sneered the colonel.

For a moment De Leon fixed his piercing eyes upon Zarate's face, and rising, threw his cigar out the window.

"Colonel Zarate, I am not accustomed to being addressed in that style, and, consequently, do not consider myself at all bound to reply to your insolent remark."

"Insolent remark, sir? Be careful, and remember whom you address," returned the commandant, now thoroughly enraged.

"I most certainly do recollect that I address one who would gladly call himself superior; but, it fortunately happens that Colonel Zarate ranks the same as Colonel De Leon."

"'Tis a lie, and you know it! You know well that the commandant of the Spanish troops in Florida is the highest authority, the chief executive power."

"Sir, you have dared to call me a liar! you have used words no gentleman, no true Spaniard will receive from any one. It is past; it is beyond recall, and you will hear from me without fail. Good-morning, sir."

De Leon's lips were compressed and pale, and his eyes bright and flashing as he left the apartment.

He had just touched the latch when an orderly came excitedly in, and, barely stopping to salute, hurriedly exclaimed:

"Colonel, the prisoner has escaped!"

"What?" demanded Zarate, with ashen lips.

"She has escaped, and—"

He raised his eyes toward the door. There stood De Leon, who had heard it all. A sarcastic smile played upon his lips, and a triumphant light gleamed in his eye.

For a moment he gave the enraged officer the full benefit of both, then withdrew, and passed down the stairs.

"Ten thousand curses on him!" growled the colonel, gnashing his teeth in impotent rage.

"Your prisoner has escaped?" he demanded abruptly of the soldier.

"Yes, sir; the woman, the spy."

"But how, man, how? Who was on guard? Send me the sergeant of the guard instantly. A thousand maledictions on his head who could not attend to his duty better; and may I die by inches if a hair of his head remains unharmed!"

He fairly foamed with rage, and it was by a superhuman effort that he received, listened to and gave orders to the sergeant who had just entered.

"Is the orderly's report true?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, and the key of the cell is in the door."

"Per todos santos! the key in the lock?"

and with a cry he sprung to the small tin box on the stand. Quickly he unlocked the lid, threw aside the papers, touched the spring and moved back the bottom. There were the two drawers, both locked; applying the key, he instantly opened them.

Horror of horrors! the key, which he had himself placed there, *was gone!*

With glaring eyes he surveyed the box, and faint sounds issued from his lips.

"The hidden spring—the false bottom—who knows that secret but myself? I, who made the box? Not a mortal could find the key unless they knew the secret?"

But, there was the box, and there was not the key.

"Bring me the key, sergeant, immediately."

"I have it with me, sir."

He handed it to his superior, who took it with a sort of mysterious awe, as if fearing it might escape from his grasp. It was the selfsame, veritable rusty old iron he had secured in his most private stronghold, not ten hours before. As he gazed upon it, there came to his mind, like a flash of lightning, blinding and scathing, the recollection of his mysterious visitor on the previous night, and a cold sweat stood on his brow.

"*Madre de dios!* It was she, the black mask! and unmindful of the presence of the men, he sank upon a seat, covering his face with his hands.

Strange thoughts passed through his mind while he sat there, and he remembered her first vague warning.

"But the secrets of that box: could she, fiend though I believe her, thus secure the key to a prisoner's cell? And the guard—how pass the guard?"

This train of thought suddenly aroused him.

"Sergeant, who was on duty last night when the woman made her escape?"

"Private José Escobedo, sir," and he pointed to a man at his side, who cringing saluted.

"Well, and what report have you to make?" sternly asked the colonel.

In a plain, straightforward manner, José related the events just as they transpired, so far as his knowledge went, which, of course, was limited, as after the door had closed on the Ebon Mask, all further consciousness on his part ceased, for he had not been slow in partaking of the rum.

"A likely story. Had you not better confess your complicity in this affair and admit you were bribed?"

"So help me God, I have told the honest truth," ejaculated the man, in abject terror.

"Bah! Sergeant, take him away and confine him in a secure place, and fasten a fifty-pound ball and chain to his feet, and allow only half an allowance of prisoner's rations. My honest José, we will comfort you with a court-martial one of these days."

The two left the room.

"Sergeant, come back when you have obeyed my orders; meantime, dispatch the boy Luez for Ricovi, for I desire him immediately."

Twenty minutes later, and the rogue stood before him.

"You are sure you understand my directions, and will execute them correctly and speedily?"

"Yes, sure. Want me and my man, Lope, to find where pris'ner 'scaped to; then come back, git more men, and go fetch 'er, eh?"

"That is just it. Now be off, and hasten."

At that moment the sergeant returned.

"Well," demanded the imperious colonel. "You desired me to return, sir."

"Yes. Remove the lock from the other prisoner's cell, and bring it to me. See that there are massive iron bars put up, one in the center, and one at each end. Be careful, and assure yourself they are as strong as iron will make them. Also detail two of your trustiest men to stand guard until midnight."

Once more alone, Zarate's thoughts were none of the pleasantest, and the heavy scowl on his brow was blacker than ever.

"Vexation! every thing unpleasant seems to pour upon me now, just as good-fortune favored me so lately. Not twenty-four hours ago, I was gloating over the possession of the bird; now I can console myself with the empty cage. Then I called De Leon my friend, now he is my bitterest enemy. Fool, fool that I was, to alienate him, for he spoke truth when he affirmed that our ranks were equal; and had he said his influence with the ministry exceeded mine, commandanté though I am, 'twould have been strictly true. But now, now I fear I must dearly pay for my rashness. However, De Leon shall never know it, even though I am recalled and cashiered—and he has influence to do even that!"

His reverie was cut short by a low knock on the door.

"Come in," was the moody response.

A boy, evidently a stranger, entered.

"Are you the commandanté?" he inquired.

Zarate nodded, and the boy handed him a slip of paper.

"The warning was unheeded; be prepared for the consequences. Sooner than you anticipate, the vial of wrath will be poured blighting upon you. Remember."

LEOTA.

This was all the note said, but it was enough to cause a sickening sensation to creep over the man's heart, and a faint, vague terror to fill his soul. Was it a premonition? was it the shadow already falling over him, the awful shadow of the almost accomplished vow of "Leota, of the Ebon Mask?" We shall see.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REUNION.

Two persons sat conversing on a rude bench just outside the guard-house.

"I sincerely hope you will pardon me for the disagreeable duty I am about to perform. You know, colonel, such things will happen, and, of course, must be satisfactorily accounted for. My friend, De Leon, recognizing you as an equal in the service, feels that he can require satisfaction, or an ample apology."

"And am I, then, expected to retract the words I uttered?" demanded Zarate, haughtily.

"Or else accept the alternative, I believe."

"Very well," replied he, coolly. "Tell him whom you represent that I do not intend retracting any thing I said, and do not anticipate making the slightest apology. I accept his challenge, as a soldier—as a gentleman."

He bowed stiffly, and received a similar salute in return.

"As the challenged party, you, of course, have the choice of weapons, sir."

"And I select rifles, sir."

De Leon's second eyed him in astonishment.

"My dear sir, I beg you will not think of it. Rifles! They are only fit for huntsmen and robbers. Swords—certainly, swords—such elegant toys for gentlemen of rank."

"Yes, and be cut to pieces without mercy," thought Zarate; then, aloud, he replied:

"I have named rifles, and shall abide by that decision."

Señor Rosales bowed.

"To-morrow morning, sunrise, one mile from Pensacola, on the bay-road. Any further information you will learn from Signor Jacinto, who will act in a friendly capacity toward me. *Buenos dios; hasta mañana!*"

Not twenty yards from the spot where Zarate and Rosales were sitting, was the cell of the hunter, and, as he stood by the narrow aperture, with the cool air refreshing him in his feverish anxiety, the voices of the two men were borne to his ear, a confused murmur of inarticulate sounds.

Directly, he saw a horseman dash through the gate, and he recognized him, in the gathering twilight shadows, as Ricovi. A gleam of awful import flashed across Julian's face; but his compressed lips gave forth no sound. Had the horseman seen and correctly read that glance, he would not have ridden with such alacrity to the door of the guard-house.

The colonel still sat there, and as he noted the approach of the horseman he arose to meet him.

Not ten paces from Julian's window they met, and, although their voices were low and cautious, yet the night-wind favored the prisoner, who strained every nerve to hear; for, with a strange prescience, he felt it concerned her.

"And you were successful, my good Ricovi. I read it in your face. Tell me, quick."

"Trailed 'em, kumel; brung up at an old cabin in the cypress grove; see 'em in window, mother and a 'ooman in black with a vail over 'er."

The commandanté trembled with excitement.

"Did you see any men with Signora Valencie and her daughter?"

Frightfully gleamed a pair of dark eyes in the cell-window, and fingers clasped the bars convulsively.

"No men; git her easy 'nuff. Me and Lope, we kin do it. Go 'bout midnight, s'prise 'em, carry her back here. 'Covey'll do it."

"See that you do; here is gold, and when you deliver the girl to me, you receive more. Be very cautious, Ricovi, for you remember you disappointed me once—the first—"

"Was that 'Covey's fault? Could he git her when she no come, eh?"

"You are right; it was *not* your fault. But it will be now, for you say yourself you saw her. When may I expect you back?"

The man studied a moment.

"Sunrise to-morrow."

"Ah, sunrise" and a pang shot through his heart. "Sunrise, and what else do I meet then?" he thought.

"That is late; can't you come sooner?"

"Will try."

He rode off again, and Zarate returned to the doorway of the guard-house, little thinking upon whose ear the entire conversation had fallen.

A note was dispatched by him to his friend, Captain Jacinto, informing him of the liberty he had taken in appointing him "second" in the coming passage of arms; begging his pardon for the seeming freedom, yet gently hinting it was *la commandanté* who thus favored Captain Jacinto, etc.

A speedy reply came by bearer, accepting the honor, and promising to see the colonel before the meeting.

And thus it was arranged.

The midnight hour was cool and cloudy; a few straggling beams fitted over the face of nature, as the scudding clouds now obscured, now revealed, the crescent moon.

By the window stood Julian, anxiously awaiting the arrival of his good friend Pepe, who, since the hour he left the knife, had not been near the guard-house. The

During the afternoon he had heard mysterious noises, grating, pounding and filing, and had wondered what it meant. Little knew he it was intended the more securely to hold him; and that the extra sentinel on duty was for his particular benefit. But it availed little to either him or the colonel.

Suddenly a dark form appeared on the edge of the woods, which lay about a hundred yards from his window. Creeping stealthily along in its protecting shade, it gradually approached nearer and nearer the long, low step on which paced the sleepy guard. A moment after, and it was crouching under the shade of the spreading shrub.

"Now, if the moon would only hide at the same time that guard is turned, I could clear that open space in half a second. As it is, I must wait. Poor Julian must be tired of watching. I wonder if he has the hole dug out enough, although, of course, he wouldn't dare break the outside wall until after dark to night."

At that instant fortune, or rather Providence, favored the waiting deliverer. The guard was half-way down his beat, and just then a heavy, lowering cloud passed darkly over the moon's disk.

With a skillful leap Pepe alighted near the window at which Julian awaited him in burning, unrelenting impatience; for since he had heard the vile plotters arrange their plan, the minutes had seemed years.

"Julian," was whispered from outside. "Here, Pepe. For God's sake, let us hurry."

"Climb up and stand on the matting again."

As he stepped up, a light clanking noise was heard in his feet.

"Your fetters, Julian—you have forgotten to remove them."

"Hist! No; perhaps we may find use for them."

"What! Do you apprehend immediate discovery and re-arrest?" inquired Pepe anxiously.

"No, no. I will tell you when I am out. Your hand, Pepe—there; hold fast. I am nearly through."

In a second he emerged through the narrow aperture, scratched and bleeding, the small splinters of wood and flakes of crusted dirt adhering to his clothing. He paused a single second, drawing in long, deep respirations of fresh air.

"Thanks to our kind Father, Pepe, that I can embrace you again."

A hurried but earnest clasp of the hand followed.

"Where are the horses? We have not a moment to spare. If you only knew the agony of suspense."

"Agony! Julian, when you are free, and she—"

"Hist, the sentinel is near. Crouch lower, there, a moment, and when he turns we will glide across the open lot to the pine tree, yonder."

"The horses are near there."

They watched their time, and in a second were safely mounted on the waiting animals. Cautiously they rode along, keeping in the dense shade of the roadside bushes, until they had left the scene of their escape nearly a mile behind them. Meantime their tongues had not been silent.

Suddenly Julian said:

"Where do you intend taking me? To the ruins?"

"Indeed, no; but to Helene and her mother, who await you in the cypress grove."

"Oh, Helene! Heaven guard her till we reach her. Pinto, her life depends on our exertions to-night!"

"What do you say?" inquired the astonished companion.

"I repeat, if we wish to save Helene from a fate worse than death, we will not spare our horses." And he hurriedly related the story.

"My God, and can it be? So soon on her track, when 'twas but three days since—"

Pepe suddenly paused, almost forgetting that Julian knew naught of his lady's imprisonment.

"Since what?" demanded he.

"You will swear eternal revenge on him, Julian; but listen, and I will tell it all."

Terrific calm and unnaturally composed, he heard the story; not a word escaped his lips, but even in the dark night gleamed the light in that eye.

"And now, lest she fall again into his hands, we will to the rescue, and Heaven grant we may not be too late."

With difficulty suppressing a wild yell of defiance and challenge, the hunter sprung forward, followed by his trusty friend.

(Concluded next week.)

Captain Mayne Reid!

We have the pleasure of announcing that we have arranged for a series of exciting stories of the camp and border from the pen of the versatile and ever popular Capt. Mayne Reid, under the title of

CAMP-FIRE YARNS.

The first of which appears in this issue. In these "Yarns" the reader will find many a story of border, trapping and Indian life which once read will not be forgotten. We also have in hand and will soon commence

A Wild Tale of the West,

by one of the great authors of the day, who, writing under a nom de plume, will give us some of the best things of his enchanting pen. Look out for it!

Hand, Not Heart:

THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

BY LENNOX WYLDER.

CHAPTER XXX.

A NIGHT-SCENE ON THE PLAIN.

ST. CLAIR ARLINGTON paced anxiously up and down the limits of the library. It was a dead hour of night—and the night—the one after the strange occurrences in the room of the showman.

Fearful anxiety marked the face of the rich man, as he strode hurriedly up and down the room, and occasionally glancing at the clock.

"Yes!" he muttered, "fortune has again favored me, and the dark clouds which lately hung over and enveloped me are lifting! Ay! lifting grandly, and beneath their dark edges I can see the glorious sunlight again—the golden sunlight! And, as I have found it, so shall all be mine! Yes! I swear it! Ah! Delaney Howe, you know not the hand that plays with you! You dream not of the strength in that hand! Ha! ha! Thank God! it can still pull a trigger, and it shall pull a trigger! I can not hesitate now! Will it give me peace of mind—rest of conscience? I'll not think of it—I'll banish it away forever! The night is dark and propitious; the young moon has long since gone down, and I can not put it off longer! I'll go!"

So saying he paused. Then, stepping softly to the rear of the library, he took up a field-compass, lifted it gently, and brought it near the light. Placing it carefully down, he allowed the sensitive needle to oscillate for a moment, as it settled down to its point of attraction.

Then Mr. Arlington took from his pocket his large memorandum-book, and drawing from it a piece of faded, yellow-stained paper, he spread it out and glanced over it.

The paper was covered with dottings of courses, and marked here and there with the points of the compass. Consulting the needle, which now stood motionless, he made out the courses as marked on the piece of paper.

All at once he started and a deadly pallor came to his cheek. He half-reeled back and caught at a chair. He rallied slowly.

"My God! is there any fatality in this? That spot is where the Shadow appears! But, what care I!" he suddenly exclaimed, straightening up and standing erect. "What care I for a thousand Shadows provided I can lay hands on the gold! and, as long as I possess that magic scrap of paper—the will! By heavens! with these at my disposal, I can defy the world. And now both are in my grasp; the gold is mine, and the paper—the precious scrap—in this memorandum-book!"

As he spoke he opened the leaves of the little book referred to, and looked through it. His search became eager. Every leaf he turned; into every pocket he drove his trembling fingers, but in vain: the scrap was not there!

Arlington's face grew as white as a grave-stone. His limbs shook beneath him, and he reeled backward and sunk into a chair. "Gone! gone!" he muttered. "Gone like the book, and yet, I placed it there myself! Are there really spirits in this old mansion? Are there—pshaw! I am getting cowardly! Nay! I'll not be thwarted now! Nothing can turn me away; nothing can now injure me, for I'll have gold—bright shining gold—in abundance! I must go!"

He rose, replaced the compass, and then, throwing on a heavy overcoat, he lowered the light. In a moment he emerged from the rear-door of the library, gently closed it behind him, and strode away over the dreary, desolate waste-land.

On his shoulder he carried a pick, a heavy hoe and a shovel.

He paused not until he reached an old, decayed poplar, standing alone and dreary in the wide common. Here he stopped for a moment, and then glanced around him.

Suddenly, however, he strode away, going nearly at right-angles to the course he first pursued. On and on. Then his steps grew slower and slower. Then they stopped still, as suddenly looking up, he saw distinctly, not thirty yards away, two motionless figures standing on the very spot to which he was hastening—the spot on which the wonderful Shadow had always made its appearance.

They stood perfectly quiet, and to the rear of them, faintly in the background, was the dim shape of a wagon.

Silently for a moment St. Clair Arlington gazed at the singular sight, and then, as a strange feeling of awe crept over him, he turned with a deep, suppressed anathema on his lip, and shrunk away in the gloom.

When he had gone, the two motionless figures set to work, with picks and spades. The ground was frozen hard. The work was laborious; but they kept on, without scarcely stopping to breathe.

At length one of them, as he drove his pick down, said, suddenly:

"We have found it, young man! Run and bring the old carpet, and be not afraid to touch it!"

The other went to the wagon, and returned at once, bringing with him the large roll of carpet.

He looked on, as the other gently threw aside the frozen clods.

Then a ghastly sight was revealed. The other—he who had brought the carpet—turned fainting away. But, at a sign from the old man he rallied, and, leaning down, gave his assistance to the work.

The ghastly object, rattling and stiff, was rolled gently in the carpet, and, between the two, was carried to the wagon and deposited in it.

Then the two men returned again, and once more fell to work. They had dug down about three feet deeper when they struck something hard. The elder man paused, and muttered:

"'Tis safe! We'll remove it, and be off!"

In a few moments they had unearthed a large iron-bound chest, covered with clay and mold. After a considerable effort, they succeeded in dragging it from the hole to the surface, and, after resting for a moment, they hauled it to the wagon, and lifted it in.

"These are the contributions I make to the tableaux, Clavis Warner!" said the old man, in a low, exultant breath. "And now we'll go!"

In a moment more they had entered the wagon, and were driving rapidly toward Labberton.

The next day the showman, accompanied by his landlord, went over to the Arlington mansion, to ask of the owner the privilege of showing his magic-lantern views and

tableaux—*gratis*—as a sort of advertisement to any future shows to be held and exhibited when the hall in the village could be suitably arranged.

They found Mr. Arlington haggard and careworn. But, without hesitating a moment, he gave his consent gruffly. The showman thanked him, placed in his hands a number of cards of invitation, for any friends he might choose to have come, and then left.

St. Clair Arlington rather welcomed the coming exhibition, for he was sick at heart, and troubled in mind.

Then the week slowly passed. Agnes Arlington, pale, almost broken-hearted, sat hour after hour, awaiting the time when she was to stand up and plight her troth to Delaney Howe. And the terrible day was fast approaching! She had been informed by Delaney that the marriage, for reasons of his own, would take place at his mother's. And the poor girl had consented.

St. Clair Arlington did not go again to the fatal spot on the plain. No opportunity had presented, and he had been engaged every evening. But he had by no means abandoned the project. That would have been abandoning all hope, to him all life!

All that week, which passed slowly away, Clavis Warner and the strange friend of his had busied themselves in making preparations for the grand tableaux to come off at the Arlington mansion. At the end of a week they, together, had finished a large glass case. Into it they had placed something—shudderingly placed it, too—and then had covered the case with a large cloth of green baize.

The day rolled around—the eventful day; and then Delaney Howe came and escorted the invisible Agnes to his mother's.

St. Clair Arlington did not go. Only Fanny went with her poor, heart-broken mistress.

At the close of this day the showman's wagon drove up. He was accompanied by a strange-looking old man, in Turkish costume. They lifted from the wagon a long case and a short box, both covered with green baize.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MARRIAGE SCENE AND A TABLEAU.

The night had gloomed down black and threatening upon the earth—the night of the 14th of December—the anniversary of old John Arlington's disappearance—the wedding day of Agnes Arlington to a man she hated—this the night when a select company had been invited by St. Clair Arlington to witness tableaux and magic-lantern views at the old mansion.

A bright light flashed from the single window of the widow Howe's humble home—a light brighter than that which usually shone there. Something unusual was going on.

Standing in the center of the little room, book in hand, was a solemn-faced, benevolent-looking man. He had just opened the book, and his kindly eyes were now resting on the two persons who stood before him.

Those two persons were Agnes Arlington and Delaney Howe—the former clad in sober black as always, her face careworn, pain-stricken, almost expressionless as it was emotionless. The latter was clad from "tip to toe" in a shining, glossy suit of black, and his face wore a glad, triumphant glow.

Near the couple and on either hand stood the widow, in new, scrupulously neat attire, and Dora, dressed in spotless white, a sad, plying, half-wild expression on her marble-like face.

After the usual responses and the consequent declaration, and benediction by the minister, the marriage was over. Delaney Howe and Agnes Arlington were man and wife. Then the minister, after speaking his congratulations in a low, indistinct voice, as if he was not in earnest, left, and then the family was alone.

When the minister had gone it was noticed that Dora Howe had suddenly disappeared. No one had seen her go. But this was nothing unusual with her, and special attention was not paid to the fact.

Seated in a chair by the log fire, Agnes leaned her head on her hand, and prayed to God that she might die. The old mother sat by her side, and spoke gentle words in her ear; but they were not heeded by the pale-faced woman, who had bartered her heart and her peace of mind away.

Delaney Howe had scarcely spoken since the farcical ceremony was over. But, now, as he stood by the chimney-piece, gazing into the coals, he suddenly started, and glanced at the old Dutch clock in the corner of the room.

"I have an invitation to attend the tableau entertainment to-night at the mansion," he said. "Will you go, Agnes?" and he looked down at her.

The girl recoiled from the man, and shuddered at his invitation. But she recovered herself, and said:

"No, Delaney; I am tired, and, with your permission, I'll remain here."

"All right, of course. Don't go, if you're disinclined. But, I must go, for Sainty—that's your uncle, Agnes—will expect me, and I can not disappoint him. Expect me back soon."

With this, he drew on his overcoat, and taking his hat, left the house without another word. As he stepped out in the darkness, and then strode away on the plain, he paused and muttered:

"I forgot! This is the night of that infernal Shadow! But, 'tis only eight o'clock, and I am armed. But, I care not for Shadows now! Agnes is mine, and why, next week, I'll just look into that will business!"

Early that evening Mr. Arlington strode up and down his library. One or two of the invited ones had arrived, and had been shown into the large dining-room of the mansion, wherein the "show" was to be given. The apartment was already lit by many lights. Stretched across the rear end was a long green curtain. Behind that screen the showman and his assistant in Turkish costume were still busily engaged at work, getting ready.

The guests began to come in more frequently. The old mansion glowed from top to bottom, and liveried servants met the company as it continued to arrive.

St. Clair Arlington heard the rattle of carriage-wheels, the slamming of doors, and the voices of the guests.

He paused suddenly in his promenade. "I must go! go now!" he muttered.

"Something impels me, and I will have time before that mummery begins! Fool that I was, but 'tis too late now! And I'll go!"

He quickly lowered the light and left the library by the back-door. He was soon out upon the plain, and, as on a previous night, he carried a pick and a shovel on his shoulder.

He strode rapidly on. The moon was shining down brilliantly.

In twenty minutes St. Clair Arlington paused and peered ahead of him. He was near the spot which was his destination.

He did not hesitate long; but, as if summoning up a needful courage, he strode on again. In a few minutes he paused again, and then he started back wildly.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "What is this?" and, with starting eyes, he gazed down into the deep hole at his feet.

For several minutes he gazed, with terror-stricken face, at the empty excavation.

"Cheated! Cheated!" he moaned, "and all is lost! I must be gone! I must fly! When this mummery is over I'll go! Oh! God! This is too bad! All hope has gone!"

With that he staggered back over the plain toward the brilliantly-lit mansion.

When he reached the house his face was white and his step faltering. The guests all had assembled, and Mr. Arlington stepped into the entry he saw Delaney Howe disappear in the large dining-room, wherein the entertainment was to take place.

Then, pausing a moment to compose himself, St. Clair Arlington opened the door and went in himself.

The room was filled in every available portion, and glancing around him the host saw many strange faces; he was certain he had not invited them. But there was no time for comment; for, as soon as he had made his appearance, the showman stepped promptly forward and announced that the entertainment would commence at once.

Then the lights were extinguished here and there, leaving only a few burning, thus throwing the auditorium, so to speak, into an almost complete darkness.

The glaring bull's-eye of the lantern showed upon the object-curtain. And then, in rapid succession, view after view was thrown out—the showman accompanying each with an appropriate lecture of explanation.

The hours were speeding by. At length there was a pause of some minutes. The figures of the showman and his assistant were plainly visible behind the curtain, busily making arrangements for another view. And then the former strode out in front of the curtain, and said, in a low voice:

"I hope my friends near the entrance will keep the door closed, as the wind flares the light in the lantern and makes the views imperfect. And I would state to the company that the evening's entertainment will close with one more view and a tableau! The audience is particularly requested to remain perfectly quiet, as the view and tableau will need no explanation."

The showman's voice was just a little tremulous.

St. Clair Arlington, seated next to Delaney Howe, started slightly at the words, but, with a grim smile of derision, he sat quiet.

The showman disappeared. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the bull's-eye glare of the lantern showed another view—an enlarged copy of a leaf of paper on which was written:

One glance at the paper, as shown by the magnifying lens, and St. Clair Arlington, with a loud cry, sprung to his feet. He was immediately followed by Delaney Howe.

(Concluded next week.)

Cruiser Crusoe:

LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFORREST.

This deeply interesting and instructive series of papers gives, under the guise of a narrative of adventures on a tropic isle, a thousand and one curious facts in natural history, as well as much incidental information on life in the tropics.

The hero was, in company with his father, mother, brothers, sisters, and uncle, shipwrecked in a voyage from England to Virginia. The vessel, shortly after leaving Britain, encountered heavy weather; and finally losing her bearings, drifted or was driven so far off her course as to be completely lost; and when she struck, the land where she beached was wholly unknown. This sailor boy, by a strange accident, was swept overboard, and, as was supposed by his friends in the time he was lost, he was not drowned; he drifted away on the heavy seas, and finally "fetched up" on the island on which he was doomed to spend many months. How he spent them, this charming series of adventures tells.

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I entered the leafy arch of the forest, where I could see the droves of beautiful creatures, which were indeed zebras.

As it was getting dark, I determined to postpone my action until next day.

Accordingly, I made my way back to the spot where I left my dog, and was soon encircled near a large and roaring fire. A few birds, trapped as usual, and a couple of land-tortoises, with the eggs, made me, on the following morning, a hearty meal, after which I set out with Tiger for the prairie. After fastening my dog to a tree, my first duty was to tie a cord across the zebra trail, about as high as the animal's breast. Then I let loose the dog, which, as I had expected, made a furious dash at the prairie. The zebras rushed together instinctively, and then, with one accord, made a wild rush for their hard and beaten trail.

The cord checked them, and they passed me like the wind. But the dog, barking and yelling, kept up the chase; and here they came again, their heads up, their tails in the air, their eyes darting fire. It is a magnificent sight; but I have no eyes but for one, a lovely creature. Out into the air flies the noose of my lasso, which falls with unerring nicety over its head. A sharp turn round a tree, and the zebra is sprawling, choked and suffocating, on the plain.

With a rush, I was at its side, and at once, having made fast its legs, loosened the rope. It was time. The poor creature's tongue was lolling out of its mouth, from the frightful jerk of the lasso. After a minute and it would have been choked.

As I rose in triumph, I found I was not alone; a little zebra foal was standing looking pitifully at its mother.

It was beautiful to see the elegant creature looking with affectionate solicitude at its dam, while, now and then, its eyes were cast upon me, as if reproachfully and imploringly. I never saw such tenderness in any eye save that of the deer, though I was accustomed to see evidences of intense love in the animal creation.

Scouring the creature, and driving away the dog, which would have made short work of it, my delight knew no bounds. I was now quite certain of having gained my object. If I could not tame the old one, I believed I could the young.

The old one, as soon as it recovered its senses, bit so furiously at me that I saw severe measures were necessary. I set my dog on it, and thus succeeded in muzzling my prize effectually, after which I took Tiger away from it. Then, having so attached its legs together that it could just walk, I loosened the lighter cords, and allowed it to rise on its legs.

I trembled all over as if with the palsy—I believe with rage—nor would it move until I pulled the halter violently. Still, the beast was obstinate, and stood its ground bravely for some time, to my infinite chagrin.

But when it did move, my pride was great. My plan was to take it to the borders of the lake, on which was my summer-house, and there tame the savage creature.

As we proceeded, I began by keeping it very short of food. When we camped at night, I loosened its muzzle, after securely fastening it to a tree, and then allowed the poor little hungry foal to obtain its natural sustenance, of which it evidently was much in need.

At last we reached the lake, when I busied myself cutting down trees, with which I soon fashioned a stable for my prize.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

No. 1.

Lije Orton's Turkey-Hunt.

It was Christmas day; and there were six of us seated around a camp-fire. It was far away on one of the sunny south-western prairies, where there was not a flake of snow to remind us of the mystic season. We did not need this. We were all from countries where Christmas is kept, and although we had no roof-tree over our heads—nor tree of any kind within twenty miles—no holly or mistletoe—no pretty cousins to kiss underneath them—we had the evergreen grass around us, a cerulean sky above, and the chirrup of the prairie-cricket to recall that of its congener on the hearth at home.

Nor were we wanting in other accessories to make cheerful our camp-fire. We had killed a buffalo cow that morning; while a grand turkey-gobbler, weighing over twenty pounds, was spitted before our faces, his fat feeding the fire of *bois-de-vache* by which he was being broiled.

Roast beef and turkey! What better fare upon which to keep Christmas?

Upon that day we had both, and of such quality as could not have been found in any kitchen in Christendom!

Something besides, to wash them down and give the festive season its due; for although our baggage was carried on pack-mules, a corner had been left in it for certain "creature comforts"—among them a keg of the best Monongahela.

With this we were enabled to toast our glorious country, after that our "absent friends," and finally one another.

But as we had no pretty girls to kiss, and grand dames to dance with, we kept our seats around the camp-fire.

Having formed ourselves into a sort of "free-and-easy," we spent the remainder of the evening in telling and listening to tales, snatches and songs.

Among other regulations established between us, was one of by no means an unusual kind. It was, that each should tell a story appropriate to the times—in short, a Christmas tale.

Five of these, more or less interesting, had been related—all of a light and pleasant nature. The sixth, still due, was to come from our guide and hunter, Elijah Orton—a West Tennessean by birth and "raisin'." "Lije"—as more commonly called by us—was a tall, lathy specimen of humanity, looking like a six-foot section of a split "scaly bark," and who had spent some thirty years out of the fifty of his life, hunting, guiding and scouting upon the prairies of Texas.

"Now, Lije," cried he who had been appointed president for the evening, "it's come to your turn, old Tennessean. Take a drink of the Monongahela, and go ahead!"

The Tennessean readily responded to the call, especially that part relating to the Monongahela. After swallowing a stiff horn he went ahead:

"Wal, young 'uns!" said he—we were his juniors and he was accustomed so to address us—"ye've g'in in y'r Krismus experiences, an' all ov them hev been o' a chur-

ful kind. Now myen air decreckly the re-vurse; for I'm a-gwine to tell ye o' a Kris-mus I put in on the bank o' the Tennesse river, whar this chile fust tuk suck.

"Dad an' mother wa'n't originally o' Tennesse breed. Thar wa'n't many in them times as wur. They wur both from the Keystone State o' Pennsylvany, whar I've heern say folks keep Krismus most equal to the Fourth o' July.

"In coorse, then, we kep' it in Tennesse, mother bein' specially full o' it, whenever the day kim round.

"Wal, 'twas the mornin' o' Krismus, 'bout the yur 1830, near as this chile kin recollect it. Mother sez to me, thar war a turkey wanted to complete the fixin' for dinner. She'd got everythin' else—beef, an' the half-side o' a buck I'd kilt three days afore, with the puddin' doin's an' all that sort o' truck. But thar wur a turkey wanted, an' she 'ledded' the dinner wouldn't be the thing 'thout it.

"She intened givin' a big spread, for thar wur some o' her people had jest arrove from Pennsylvany, an' settled a clarin' clost to whar dad had squatted 'bout fifteen year earlier. Mother war particklar 'bout pleasin' 'em, for they'd been a bigish sort in the ole Keystone State. Besides, thar wur a gurl among 'em, a sort o' second cousin o' myen, that she wanted me to freeze lo.

"Lije, sez she to me, 'git y'r gun, an' go out arter a turkey. Let it be a good big 'un—a gobbler o' you kin git one.'

"All right, mother, sez I, 'you shall hev a turkey, an' a gobbler, too, ef that's sech to be skeart up in all the Tennesse bottom.'

"I wur right glad at the chance o' gittin' out; for I'd been kep' at home all that forenoon helpin' her w' her Krismus preperashuns.

"Turkey wur at that time as plenty on the Tennesse as squils or blackberries. Our claim didn't extend very fur; an' ov a mornin' the old gobblers used ter wake this chile up long afore he wanted to w' thar durned co-cacklin'. I kep' a' shot, one 'thout goin' three hundred yards from the shanty. I see'd 'em a dozen, but didn't draw bead on nary one, as I didn't want the crack to be heard at the house. I hed my rezons; an' they wur, that I wanted to go 'bout five miles across the bottom, whar thar lived a gurl most twice the size, an' worth three o' the Pennsylvany counsin.

"An' thitherwur I streaked it, 'thout thinkin' o' turkey or anythin' else, but gettin' close to Sal Slocum—that wur the name o' the gurl.

ked tell I wur standin' on my head, w' my feet straight above me, like one o' them thar tumblers in the circus. My legs wur at thar full stretch, an' thar 'peared to be somethin' holdin' 'em as ef I'd been hung up by the heels. It wa'n't a pleasant purishun now; an', arter some wrigglin' an' squeezin', I contriv to git my karkidge right end up 'ards.

"I now knew what hed happened, an' how I'd made a header into the kivity o' the tree. The thing only made me lar; an', as soon as I'd done a spell o' thet, I thort o' climbin' out ag'in.

"I feeld the dead gobbler near my feet; an' wur thinkin' how I should tote him up along w' me; when, jest at that minnit, I feeld somethin' else, thet hadn't anythin' dead 'bout it. It war the hairy hide o' a animal pressin' ag'in my shins, an' tryin to squeeze past them.

"A b'ar! thort I, startin' as if the critter hed already bit me.

"I needn't tell ye how I squirmed an' jumped about, expectin' every minnit to feel myself in the hug o' ole Bruing.

"I wa'n't much less skeart, when, in my dancin', I kim down on the body o' a critter thet hed soft, silky hair. It gave a loud screek as I squashed it; an' I know'd by the squeel it wur a skunk.

"If it hed been a b'ar, I reck'n its hug couldn't 'a' been more uncomfortable than wur the smell o' the anymal I'd treaded on. I'd stomped every bit o' the stink out its body; an', although I'd kilt it, I thort for a while it 'ud 'a' did the same for me, by the procciss o' suffercasshuns.

"In that 'ere atmosphere it wa'n't likely I shed trouble myself any more 'bout the turkey, nor anythin' else, 'ceptin' to git cl'ar o' sech disagreeable kumpny; an' to do this I made a dash thro' the top o' the stump, clutchin' at whatevsver I ked lay claws on.

"But I clutched it ag'in an' ag'in to no purpos, for every time I tuk hold o' the rotten heartwood if kim away in my grasp, bringin' me back ag'in to the bottom, an' down upon both skunk and turkey.

"I worked away at this, till the two creatures wur champed inter a jelly under my feet; while, above me I'd worn the tree smooth an' slick as the inside o' a berri o' molasses.

"Though the smell o' thet skunk wa'n't no way sweet to endure, twar pleasan compared w' the feelin' thet kim over me when I foun thet thar wur no chance for me to climb out o' the tree. Thet I diskivered ar-



CRUISER CRUISE—"OUT INTO THE AIR FLEW THE NOOSE OF MY LASSO."

"I intened leavin' the turkey-shootin' till on the way back, an' shed 'a' done so; but jest as I wur trampin' through the trees, the biggest kind o' a gobbler flopped up, from among some pawpaw bushes, an' arter runnin' 'bout a hundred yurds, he tuk roost on the stump o' a dead-wood. I wur a big poplar that hed been got struck w' lightning, or broke off by the blast o' a *heron*. Its top ruz not more'n twenty feet from the ground, an' thar the gobbler sut, ez ef he feeld safe an' out o' all danger.

"The sight wur too temptin'. Besides, I wanted the bird, an' mightn't git one so handy comin' back. An' also, besides, I wur now fur enuf away from the shanty for mother not to hear the spang o' the rifle.

"I drew bead upon the gobbler, an' over he went 'thout the floppin' o' a feather.

"Soon as I recharged my gun—for dad taught me allers to do thet thet fust thing arter firin—I walked straight for the dead-wood, intendin' to take up the turkey.

"I wur puzzled to see thet thar wa'n't no turkey thar. I wur sartain sure I'd kilt it; an' the karkage oughter been lyin' by the bottom o' the tree. It wa'n't thar, not a feather o' it.

"I wur a little bit bamboozled at fust; but on lookin' I see'd that the poplar stump hed a broad head on't, as ef the trunk hed been sawed squar off. I serspected the turkey 'ud be foun' lyin' on the top; an' as thar wa'n't no great diffeequilty 'bout climbin' it, I laid down my gun an' speeled up.

"On gittin' to the summit o' the dead-wood, I see'd no gobbler; but thar sure enuf wur his feathers an' blood. Then I spied the hole inter which he'd fell, as he whommedled over arter the shot. The stump wur holler from the top downw'ard; an' the kivity wur big enuf to let in the body o' a b'ar. I 'peared deep, too, as I ked tell by the darkness o' it; for on squintin' down I kedn't see sign o' the turkey.

"I thort I mout reck it w' my han'; so droppin' to my marrowbones, an' restin' my ribs on the edge o' the oryffs, I stretched down, and begun gropin'.

"I wa'n't long at thet. Jest as I hed got my right arm to its full stretch, w' my left hand holdin' on above, the chunk o' rotten wood I'd clutched gin way; an' collowip I went down into the kivity.

"I went head-foremost, ov coorse; but for some time thet didn't make much difference, as I wur sort o' knocked out o' my senses, an' didn't know my head from my feet.

"Howsomever, on rekiyerin' my thorts, I

ter tryin' fill thar wa'n't a singur in my body but wur stretched to the point o' crackin'.

"I wur in the part o' the woods whar thar wa'n't no path; for arter leavin' the house I'd took a circumbendibus to git round to Sal. I knew, th'fore, no one 'ud be comin' that way, an' even if s'archin' for me thar'd be but a slim chance o' thar findin' me.

"When I thort o' bein' shet up in the dead-wood, an' hev'in' to die thar by starvation, I smelt the skunk no longer; an' altho' I hed no great hope o' bein' heard, I let out w' a screech as scarey as the anymal hed gin when I sot foot on it.

"I confinnered to scream thr'out the hul o' that Krismus day, an' a good spell inter the night. I mout hev gone on squealin' till I'd bekim as quiet an' unconshis as the kumpny I wur shet up w'; but for Sal Slocum.

"The gurl wur a shiner, an' no mistake. She'd expected me to come thet day, for I'd promised her, ef I ked only git off, an' she guessed the track I'd take, as it wa'n't the fust time thet I had made the same circumbendibus. So when I wur diskivered thet I wur missin', an' the hue-an'-cry wur riz, which soon got across to Dick Slocum's, all the rest went s'archin' in the wrong direckshun, 'cept Sal. She comin' along the right track, see'd my gun upon the ground, and heerd my groans inside the dead-wood, beside which I'd smacked her lips more'n onc't afore that Krismus occashun.

"She wa'n't long in gittin' to the top o' the tree, for Sal wur a smart climber—most as good as myself—an' droppin' down her apron, thet she hed twisted into a sort o' rope, she pulled me up to the top o' the cussed stump.

"She wa'n't let me kiss her thet night, I smelt so strong o' the polecat. But she did arterward, when we stud side an' side afore the Methody preacher as married us.

"It wur some time afore I kin to thet, for I hed a hard fight to keep cl'ar o' the Pennsylvany counsin; backed as she wur both by dad an' mother.

"Twan't no use, howsomever: I wur determined on stickin' to Sal; as she stuck to me five yeern arterward, till fever an' ague—that cuss o' the Tennesse bottom—took her from me, an' carried her away to a better worl'.

"We had been all primed to hail the conclusion of the Tennessean's story with a chorus of laughter; but the touchin' words that concluded it placed the seal of silence upon our lips; and it was some time before we could resume cheerful thought, and continue our Christmas merrymaking.

The Lost Scalp.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

"Crowfoot," said I, one afternoon to old Abe Stanley—we all called him by that *whit-que*, although why, I never knew—"Crowfoot, what makes you wear that terrible thing on your head? It makes me think of the hangman, every time I see it."

The old fellow looked at me quizzically, for a moment, and I expected one of his stinging retorts. But I ever was a favorite with him, and he only chewed his quid the faster. Then he placed one huge paw upon the oil-skin cap, or covering that came down to the ears, eyebrows and nape of the neck, and pulled it off. Then we could see that he had been scalped—the hard, polished skull being fully exposed to view. We saw that "thereby hung a tale," and, before long, Crowfoot was "primed" just enough to go off at a touch, and which we were not long in administering.

"Well, as you fellers has been doin' the straight thing to-night, why I don't mind tellin' you the yarn," said the old trapper, a little thoughtfully. "I lost this scalp in the Fall o' '89, when I war a-trappin' for the Nor'-West Company. At that time, thar war seven of us that worked together, like, bein' pardners. They war all good fellers, but the one that I cottoned to the most, war a great big Kentuckian named Ed Price. Me an' him war red-hot chums, an' although we used to hev a spat now an' then, it'd be over in a minute, an' we liked each other all the better for it.

"We war a-trappin' in the 'North Park,' not fur from the Medicine Bow Mountain, with bully luck; a-pilin' of the pelts up like fun, when one day, as I war out huntin'—it bein' my turn—I run across a squaw who'd been hurt by a bad fall. She war a Crow, an' as I'd nothin' ag'in the tribe, I toted her to the camp an' kinder doctored her up. Her left leg had been broken anigh the ankle by the tumble, an' she war down mighty thin from starvin'-like, bein' she'd ate nothin' but grass for four days, when I found her. The boys laughed at me consid'able; but they dassen't go too fur, an' I didn't mind 'em much.

"Bimeby they begun to see that I hadn't been such a sucker arter all, for 'Lamey,' that's the nickname they gin her, when she went a-limpin' about, an' it stuck to her wuss'n a wood-tick—war mighty useful, an'

head for nigh a month. When I woke ag'in, Lamey was gone, nobody could tell why or wharfore. I felt hurt, powerful hurt, for I kinder got to rely on her, an' hankered arter her 'nearly as I war a-gittin' better.

"Then she come back as suddintly as she went, for I found her a-sittin' alongside o' me when I opined my peepers one mornin'. Afore I could speak she helt up the lost scalp! I knowed it in a minute from the color, and the leetle b'ar-streak along the top, whar a Cheyenne hed creased me with a bullet. Didn't I feel hunky then? You bet ye! I jest set up a-crowin' wuss'n a whull barnyard o' roosters, an' would 'a' clapped the ole scal' what it used to belong, ef Lamey hadn't stopped me.

"Then she held up another one, black, with long, curly hair, and tole me her story. She'd kinder sp'icioned my pard, Ed Price, somehow, and it grew stronger as she thunk it over while 'tendin' me. So she left me, an' hunted out Ed, tellin' him that I war dead. He war mighty glad to see her, and that night he got rip stavin' drunk, and let it all out. He war the one who'd shot and scalped me, and the fellers would lay it to the reds; and all 'cause he wanted Lamey fer his wife. Then he showed her the scalp, 'cause she pretended she thought he war a-lyin'; that he'd dried and kep' it till he shed git a good chance to give it to some Injun. Then he 'tended to rub him out, and show the h'r to the boys.

"But Lamey was too many for him, an' gittin' him outside the post, tack both the pelts, and then hurried back home. Well, I soon got around, and plaitin' a string out of Ed's h'r I tied it to the lost scalp, and ever since I've wore it about my neck, and he deliberately pulled out a packet neatly tied up in oiled skin, and undoin' it, held up before us a bunch of fiery red hair.

"But Lamey?"

"Tuck the small-pox an' went under a year arterwards," laconically added "Crowfoot," who picked up his cap and left the bar-room.

Beat Time's Men of Mark.

Hole-in-my-stocking, the Big Injin.

HAVING been ordered by the "Loyal Antiquated Society for the Diffusion of the Lost Arts and Sciences" to visit the Slippery Tribe, and report on their moral and physical condition, or any other condition in which they might be found, I came hither, and am glad to say my mission has been crowned with success, and all that I could wish at present is money enough to get back with.

The old chief, Hole-in-my-stocking, who was arrayed in country style, wearing a disintegrated straw hat and a pair of one-legged pants, received me with open and unloaded arms, and immediately burned, in my honor, a poor white man who had been so rash as to fall into their hands.

I found the Indians to be quite peaceable and pious, and the spirit of advancing civilization was prevalent everywhere—each one had a bottleful of it.

The old chief took me aside, and after finishing my flask, said:

"The Father at Washington has lately been sendin' his braves out here to give us trouble, and really," said he, taking my watch out of my pocket, and putting it into his own, "they trouble us a great deal by always obliging us to capture their trains. As soon as I can," continued he, taking the responsibility of my pocket-book, "I am going to sell these wagons to the government at only a slight advance on first cost. In the last few days we have had nothing to do, and on that account ginger-cakes and custard-pies are a little scarce with us. Yet we can not be conquered, for, though a little hungry, we have lots of *spare* warriors." Seeing quite a lot of Brass horns lying around the camp, I asked him how they got there, and he told me that Uncle Sam had for a long time been sending out Brass bands for the purpose of blowing their brains out, or else to make them yield, on the mistaken principle that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage," and that he had captured several of those bands, but as the members always ran off with the music, his people couldn't do very much with them, only in an amateur way.

He asked me how many squaws I had, and was surprised to hear I had only one; but when I told him she was as good as a dozen, he laughed, though I didn't. When he had finished cutting the buttons off my vest, with tears running down the soil of his cheeks, he told me I was Hunkidory, and asked me what I'd give for his family, and then throwing his arms around my neck, he rubbed his greasy face on the manly shirt-bosom which oh, Mrs. Time, you put so much pains and starch upon, and ironed with the boot-jack! When he recovered himself, he told me to tell Uncle Sam that his people were ready at any time to stop hostilities long enough to get their annuities and provisions, and that they should include more guns and ammunition. I told him it should be done; when he took my hand and my hat, thanking me very kindly.

In trading with them I found them very close and hard to deal with; indeed, I had to give an old Barlow knife—which was presented by my friends before I left home—two shingle-nails and a piece of string for a mustang pony, and, even then, they growled about throwing in the saddle, and two little dogs.

By a judicious investment of a plug of tobacco, I bought twenty-five miles of sand, from which I shall realize a fortune as soon as it gets into market.

These Indians are quite deficient in classical education. Said I, to one man, whose chief apparel consisted of a rag around his little finger: "My dear fellow-citizen, can you tell me what a-b-ab-spells?" He said it was "no such thing." I then asked him if he was acquainted with the Greek tongue? He said he took seven tongues in the last fight, but didn't know if they were Greek.

I gave a piece of a finet-oath comb to a female Pocahontas, with which she immediately went to work, and I may add with astonishing success.

They live principally on dog-meat with the bark on, and are the most obliging people in the world—they oblige their squaws to do all the drudgery, while they lie around and do all the resting, and are never troubled for money to buy the latest new bonnet—which is almost too little to be out. Then they have the glorious privilege of selling their wives; the market price is one shotgun apple, but I can't tell why they should be so high, but it is a fact.

Hoping the members of the society will see that my family doesn't get out of wood, and my wife doesn't get a divorce while I am gone, and that my pigs will be fed, I remain (among the Indians)

Yours, BEAT TIME.